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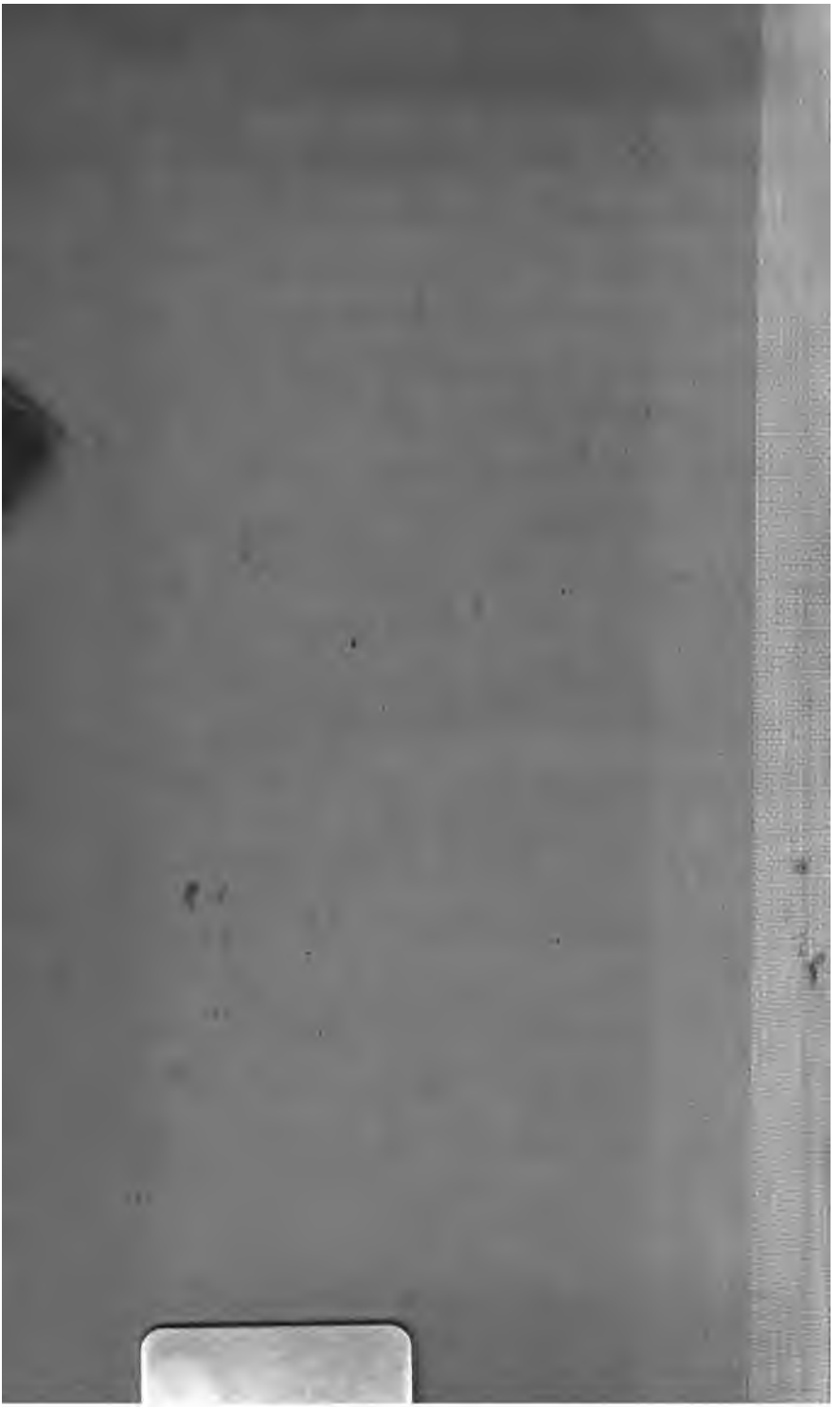

Tope.14
NRL

THE

ILIAD

OF

HOMER.

Tranſlated by

ALEXANDER POPE, Eſq;

Qui cupit optatam curſu contingere metam,
Multa tulit, fecitque, puer——— HOR.

VOLUME THE SIXTH.

LONDON,

Printed by Charles Rivington,

For T. OSBORNE, C. HITCH and L. HAWES, JOHN RIVINGTON, R. BALDWIN, W. JOHNSTON, J. RICHARDSON, S. CROWDER, P. DAVEY and B. LAW, T. LONGMAN, T. CASLON, T. FIELD, T. POTE, H. WOODGATE and S. BROOKS, S. BAKER, and T. PAYNE.

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THE

TWENTY-SECOND BOOK

OF THE

ILIAD.

The ARGUMENT.

The Death of *Hector.*

THE Trojans *being ſafe within the walls,* Hector *only ſtays to oppoſe* Achilles. Priam *is ſtruck at his approach, and tries to perſuade his ſon to re-enter the town.* Hecuba *joins her intreaties, but in vain.* Hector *conſults within himſelf what meaſures to take; but at the advance of* Achilles, *his reſolution fails him, and he flies;* Achilles *purſues him thrice round the walls of* Troy. *The Gods debate concerning the fate of* Hector; *at length* Minerva *deſcends to the aid of* Achilles. *She deludes* Hector *in the ſhape of* Deïphobus; *he ſtands the combat, and is ſlain.* Achilles *drags the dead body at his chariot in the ſight of* Priam *and* Hecuba. *Their lamentations, tears and deſpair. Their cries reach the ears of* Andromache, *who, ignorant of this, was retired into the inner part of the palace: ſhe mounts up to the walls, and beholds her dead huſband. She ſwoons at the ſpectacle. Her exceſs of grief and lamentation.*

The thirtieth day ſtill continues. The ſcene lies under the walls, and on the battlements of Troy.

THE

*TWENTY-SECOND BOOK

OF THE

ILIAD.

THUS to their bulwarks, ſmit with panick fear,
The herded *Ilians* ruſh like driven deer;
There ſafe, they wipe the briny drops away,
And drown in bowls the labours of the day.

* It is impoſſible but the whole attention of the reader muſt be awakened in this book: the heroes of the two armies are now to encounter; all the foregoing battles have been but ſo many preludes and under-actions, in order to this great event, wherein the whole fate of *Greece* and *Troy* is to be decided by the ſword of *Achilles* and *Hector*.

Orion's dog (the year when Autumn weighs)
And o'er the feebler ſtars exerts his rays;
Terrifick glory! for his burning breath
Taints the red air with fevers, plagues, and death.
So flam'd his fiery mail. Then wept the ſage;
He ſtrikes his rev'rend head now white with age:
He lifts his wither'd arms; obteſts the ſkies;
He calls his much-lov'd ſon with feeble cries;
The ſon, reſolv'd *Achilles*' force to dare,
Full at the *Scæan* gates expects the war;
While the ſad father on the rampart ſtands,
And thus adjures him with extended hands.
Ah ſtay not, ſtay not! guardleſs and alone;
Hector! my lov'd, my deareſt braveſt ſon!

ſon: that is ſucceeded again by the dreadful gloomy picture of *Hector*, all on fire, obſtinately bent on death, and expecting *Achilles*; admirably painted in the ſimile of the ſnake rolled up in his den, and collecting his poiſons: and indeed, through the whole book, this wonderful contraſt, and oppoſition of the *Moving* and of the *Terrible*, is perpetually kept up, each heightening the other; I cannot find words to expreſs how ſo great beauties affect me.

ỳ. 51. *The ſpeech of* Priam *to* Hector.] The Poet has entertained us all along with various ſcenes of ſlaughter and horrour: he now changes to the pathetick, and fills the mind of the reader with tender ſorrows. *Euſtathius* obſerves that *Priam* preludes to his words by actions expreſſive of miſery:

Methinks already I behold thee ſlain,
And ſtretch'd beneath that fury of the plain.
Implacable *Achilles!* might'ſt thou be
To all the Gods no dearer than to me!
Thee, vultures wild ſhould ſcatter round the ſhore,
And bloody dogs grow fiercer from thy gore.
How many valiant ſons I late enjoy'd,
Valiant in vain! by thy curſt arm deſtroy'd:
Or, worſe than ſlaughter'd, ſold in diſtant iſles
To ſhameful bondage and unworthy toils.
Two, while I ſpeak, my eyes in vain explore,
Two from one mother ſprung, my *Polydore*,
And lov'd *Lycaon*; now perhaps no more!

the unhappy orator introduces his ſpeech to *Hector* with groans and tears, and rending his hoary hair. The Father and the King plead with *Hector* to preſerve his life and his country. He repreſents his own age, and the loſs of many of his children, and adds, that if *Hector* falls, he ſhould then be inconſolable, and the empire of *Troy* at an end.

It is a piece of great judgment in *Homer*, to make the fall of *Troy* to depend upon the death of *Hector*: the poet does not openly tell us, that *Troy* was taken by the *Greeks*; but that the reader might not be unacquainted with what happened after the period of his poem, he gives us to underſtand in this ſpeech, that the city was taken, and that *Priam*, his wives, his ſons, and daughters, were either killed or made ſlaves.

Oh! if in yonder hoſtile camp they live,
What heaps of gold, what treaſures would I give?
(Their grandſire's wealth, by right of birth their own,
Conſign'd his daughter with *Lelègia*'s throne)
But if (which heav'n forbid) already loſt,
All pale they wander on the *Stygian* coaſt;
What ſorrows then muſt their ſad mother know,
What anguiſh I? unutterable woe!
Yet leſs that anguiſh, leſs to her, to me,
Leſs to all *Troy*, if not depriv'd of thee.
Yet ſhun *Achilles!* enter yet the wall;
And ſpare thyſelf, thy father, ſpare us all!
Save thy dear life; or if a ſoul ſo brave
Neglect that thought, thy dearer glory ſave.
Pity, while yet I live, theſe ſilver hairs;
While yet thy father feels the woes he bears,

℣. 76. *Enter yet the wall; And ſpare*, &c.] The argument that *Priam* uſes (ſays *Euſtathius*) to induce *Hector* to ſecure himſelf in *Troy* is remarkable: he draws it not from *Hector*'s fears, nor does he tell him that he is to ſave his own life: but he inſiſts upon ſtronger motives: he tells him he may preſerve his fellow-citizens, his country, and his father; and farther perſuades him not to add glory to his mortal enemy by his fall.

Yet curſt with ſenſe! a wretch, whom in his rage
(All trembling on the verge of helpleſs age)
Great *Jove* has plac'd, ſad ſpectacle of pain!
The bitter dregs of fortune's cup to drain:
To fill with ſcenes of death his cloſing eyes,
And number all his days by miſeries!
My heroes ſlain, my bridal bed o'erturn'd,
My daughters raviſh'd, and my city burn'd,
My bleeding infants daſh'd againſt the floor;
Theſe I have yet to ſee, perhaps yet more!
Perhaps ev'n I, reſerv'd by angry Fate
The laſt ſad relick of my ruin'd ſtate,
(Dire pomp of ſov'reign wretchedneſs!) muſt fall,
And ſtain the pavement of my regal hall;
Where famiſh'd dogs, late guardians of my door,
Shall lick their mangled maſter's ſpatter'd gore.

℣. 90. *My bleeding infants daſh'd againſt the floor.*] Cruelties which the *Barbarians* uſually exerciſed in the ſacking of towns. Thus *Iſaiah* foretells to *Babylon* that her children ſhall be daſhed in pieces before her eyes by the *Medes*. *Infantes eorum allidentur in oculis eorum*, xii. 16. And *David* ſays to the ſame city, *happy ſhall he be that taketh and daſheth thy little ones againſt the ſtones*. Pſal. cxxxvii. 9. And in the prophet *Hoſea*, xiii. 16. *Their infants ſhall be daſhed in pieces*. Dacier.

Yet for my ſons I thank ye Gods! 'twas well;
Well have they periſh'd, for in fight they fell.
Who dies in youth, and vigour, dies the beſt,
Struck thro' with wounds, all honeſt on the breaſt.
But when the Fates, in fulneſs of their rage,
Spurn the hoar head of unreſiſting age,
In duſt the rev'rend lineaments deform,
And pour to dogs the life-blood ſcarcely warm;
This, this is miſery! the laſt, the worſt,
That man can feel; man, fated to be curſt!
He ſaid, and acting what no words could ſay,
Rent from his head the ſilver locks away.
With him the mournful mother bears a part;
Yet all their ſorrows turn not *Hector*'s heart:
The zone unbrac'd, her boſom ſhe diſplay'd;
And thus, faſt-falling the ſalt tears, ſhe ſaid.

ỳ. 102. *But when the Fates*, &c.] Nothing can be more moving than the image which *Homer* gives here, in comparing the different effects produced by the view of a young man, and that of an old one, both bleeding, and extended on the duſt. The old man, it is certain touches us moſt, and ſeveral reaſons may be given for it; the principal is, that the young man defended himſelf, and his death is glorious; whereas an old man has no defence but his weakneſs, prayers and tears. They muſt be very inſenſible of what is dreadful, and have no taſte in poetry, who omit this paſſage in a tranſlation, and ſubſtitute things of a trivial and inſipid nature. *Dacier.*

Have mercy on me, O my ſon! revere
The words of age; attend a parent's pray'r!
If ever thee in theſe fond arms I preſt,
Or ſtill'd thy infant clamours at this breaſt;
Ah do not thus our helpleſs years forego,
But by our walls ſecur'd, repel the foe.
Againſt his rage if ſingly thou proceed,
Should'ſt thou (but heav'n avert it!) ſhould'ſt thou bleed,
Nor muſt thy corpſe lie honour'd on the bier,
Nor ſpouſe, nor mother, grace thee with a tear;

ỳ. 114. *The ſpeech of* Hecuba.] The ſpeech of *Hecuba* opens with as much tenderneſs as that of *Priam*: the circumſtance in particular of her ſhewing that breaſt to her ſon which had ſuſtained his infancy, is highly moving: it is a ſilent kind of oratory, and prepares the heart to liſten, by prepoſſeſſing the eye in favour of the ſpeaker.

Euſtathius takes notice of the difference between the ſpeeches of *Priam* and *Hecuba*: *Priam* diſſuades him from the combat, by enumerating not only the loſs of his own family, but of his whole country: *Hecuba* dwells entirely upon his ſingle death; this is a great beauty in the poet, to make *Priam* a father to his whole country; but to deſcribe the fondneſs of the mother as prevailing over all other conſiderations, and to mention that only which chiefly affects her.

This puts me in mind of a judicious ſtroke in *Milton*, with regard to the ſeveral characters of *Adam* and *Eve*. When the Angel is driving them both out of paradiſe, *Adam* grieves that he muſt leave a place where he had converſed with God and his angels; but *Eve* laments that we ſhall never more behold the flowers of *Eden*. Here *Adam* mourns like a man, and *Eve* like a woman.

Far from our pious rites, thoſe dear remains
Muſt feaſt the vultures on the naked plains.
So they, while down their cheeks the torrents roll;
But fix'd remains the purpoſe of his ſoul:
Reſolv'd he ſtands, and with a fiery glance
Expects the hero's terrible advance.
So roll'd up in his den, the ſwelling ſnake
Beholds the traveller approach the brake;
When fed with noxious herbs his turgid veins
Have gather'd half the poiſons of the plains;
He burns, he ſtiffens with collected ire,
And his red eye-balls glare with living fire.
Beneath a turret, on his ſhield reclin'd,
He ſtood, and queſtion'd thus his mighty mind.
Where lies my way? To enter in the wall?
Honour and ſhame th' ungen'rous thought recall:

℣. 138. *The Soliloquy of* Hector.] There is much greatneſs in the ſentiments of this whole Soliloquy. *Hector* prefers death to an ignominious life: he knows how to die with glory, but not how to live with diſhonour. The reproach of *Polydamas* affects him; the ſcandals of the meaneſt people have an influence on his thoughts.

It is remarkable that he does not ſay, he fears the inſults of the brave *Trojans*, but of the moſt worthleſs only. Men

Shall proud *Polydamas* before the gate
Proclaim, his counſels are obey'd too late,
Which timely follow'd but the former night,
What numbers had been ſav'd by *Hector*'s flight?

of merit are always the moſt candid; but others are ever for bringing all men to a level with themſelves. They cannot bear that any one ſhould be ſo bold as to excel, and are ready to pull him down to them, upon the leaſt miſcarriage. This ſentiment is perfectly fine, and agreeable to the way of thinking, natural to a great and ſenſible mind.

There is a very beautiful break in the middle of this ſpeech. *Hector*'s mind fluctuates every way, he is calling a council in his own breaſt, and conſulting what method to purſue: he doubts if he ſhould not propoſe terms of peace to *Achilles*, and grants him very large conceſſions; but of a ſudden he checks himſelf, and leaves the ſentence unfiniſhed. The paragraph runs thus; "If, ſays *Hector*, I ſhould offer him the "largeſt conditions, give all that *Troy* contains"—There he ſtops, and immediately ſubjoins, "But why do I delude my-"ſelf, *&c.*"

It is evident from this ſpeech that the power of making peace was in *Hector*'s hands: for unleſs *Priam* had transferred it to him, he could not have made theſe propoſitions. So that it was *Hector* who broke the treaty in the third book (where the very ſame conditions were propoſed by *Agamemnon.*) It is *Hector* therefore that is guilty, he is blameable in continuing the war, and involving the *Greeks* and *Trojans* in blood. This conduct in *Homer* was neceſſary; he obſerves a poetical juſtice, and ſhews that *Hector* is a criminal, before he brings him to death. *Euſtathius.*

ver. 140. *Shall proud* Polydamas, &c.] *Hector* alludes to the counſel given him by *Polydamas* in the eighteenth book, which he then neglected to follow: it was, to withdraw to the city, and fortify themſelves there, before *Achilles* returned to the battle.

That wiſe advice rejected with diſdain,
I feel my folly in my people ſlain.
Methinks my ſuff'ring country's voice I hear,
But moſt, her worthleſs ſons inſult my ear,
On my raſh courage charge the chance of war,
And blame thoſe virtues which they cannot ſhare.
No —— if I e'er return, return I muſt
Glorious, my country's terrour laid in duſt:
Or if I periſh, let her ſee me fall
In field at leaſt, and fighting for her wall.
And yet ſuppoſe theſe meaſures I forego,
Approach unarm'd, and parley with the foe,
The warriour-ſhield, the helm, and lance lay down,
And treat on terms of peace to ſave the town:
The wife with-held, the treaſure ill-detain'd,
(Cauſe of the war, and grievance of the land)
With honourable juſtice to reſtore;
And add half *Ilion*'s yet remaining ſtore,
Which *Troy* ſhall, ſworn, produce; that injur'd *Greece*
May ſhare our wealth, and leave our walls in peace.

But why this thought? Unarm'd if I ſhould go,
What hope of mercy from this vengeful foe,
But woman-like to fall, and fall without a blow?
We greet not here, as man converſing man,
Met at an oak, or journeying o'er a plain;

ỳ. 167. *We greet not here, as man converſing man,*
Met at an oak, or journeying o'er a plain, &c.]

The words literally are theſe, "*There is no talking with* Achilles, ἐκ δρυὸς οὐδ' ἀπὸ πέτρης, *from an oak or from a rock*, [or about an oak or a rock] *as a young man and a maiden talk together.* It is a thought an obſcure paſſage, though I confeſs I am either too fond of my own explication in the above cited verſes, or they make it a very clear one. "There is no "converſing with this implacable enemy in the rage of bat-"tle; as when ſauntring people talk at leiſure to one ano-"ther on the road, or when young men and women meet in "a field." I think the expoſition of *Euſtathius* more far-fetched, though it be ingenious; and therefore I muſt do him the juſtice not to ſuppreſs it. It was a common practice, ſays he, with the heathens, to expoſe ſuch children as they either could not, or would not educate: the places where they de-poſited them, were uſually in the cavities of *rocks*, or the hol-low of *oaks*: theſe children being frequently found and pre-ſerved by ſtrangers, were ſaid to be the offſpring of thoſe oaks or rocks where they were found. This gave occaſion to the poets to feign that men were born of *oaks*, and there was a famous fable too of *Deucalion* and *Pyrrha*'s repairing mankind by caſting *ſtones* behind them: it grew at laſt into a proverb, to ſignify idle tales; ſo that in the preſent paſſage it imports, that Achilles *will not liſten to ſuch idle tales as may paſs with ſilly maids and fond lovers.* For fables and ſtories (and parti-cularly ſuch ſtories ne preſervation, ſtrange fortune, and

No ſeaſon now for calm familiar talk,
Like youths and maidens in an ev'ning walk:
War is our buſineſs, but to whom is giv'n
To die, or triumph, that, determine heav'n!
Thus pond'ring, like a God the *Greek* drew nigh;
His dreadful plumage nodded from on high;
The *Pelian* jav'lin, in his better hand,
Shot trembling rays that glitter'd o'er the land;
And on his breaſt the beamy ſplendours ſhone
Like *Jove*'s own light'ning, or the riſing ſun.
As *Hector* ſees, unuſual terrours riſe,
Struck by ſome God, he fears, recedes, and flies.

adventures of expoſed children) are the uſual converſation of young men and maidens. *Euſtathius*'s explanation may be corroborated by a parallel place in the *Odyſſey*, where the poet ſays,

Οὐ γὰρ ἀπὸ δρυὸς ἐσσι παλαιφάτου, οὐδ' ἀπὸ πέτρης.

The meaning of which paſſage is plainly this, *Tell me of what race you are, for undoubtedly you had a father and mother; you are not, according to the old ſtory, deſcended from an* oak *or a* rock. Where the word παλαιφάτου ſhews that this was become an ancient proverb even in *Homer*'s days.

ỳ. 180. *Struck by ſome God, he fears, recedes, and flies.*] I doubt not moſt readers are ſhocked at the flight of *Hector*: it is indeed a high exaltation of *Achilles* (which was the poet's chief hero) that ſo brave a man as *Hector* durſt not ſtand him. While *Achilles* was at a diſtance he had fortified his heart with noble reſolutions, but at his approach they all vaniſh, and he

He leaves the gates, he leaves the walls behind;
Achilles follows like the winged wind.

flies. This (as exceptionable as ſome may think it) may yet be allowed to be a true portrait of human nature; for diſtance, as it leſſens all objects, ſo it does our fears; but where inevitable danger approaches, the ſtouteſt hearts will feel ſome apprehenſions at certain fate. It was the ſaying of one of the braveſt men in this age, to one who told him he feared nothing, *Shew me but a certain danger, and I ſhall be as much afraid as any of you.* I do not abſolutely pretend to juſtify this paſſage in every point, but only to have thus much granted me, that *Hector* was in this deſperate circumſtance.

Firſt, It will not be found in the whole *Iliad*, that *Hector* ever thought himſelf a match for *Achilles*. *Homer* (to keep this in our minds) had juſt now made *Priam* tell him, as a thing known (for certainly *Priam* would not inſult him at that time) that there was no compariſon between his own ſtrength, and that of his antagoniſt:

— — — — ἐπεὶ πολὺ φέρτερός ἐστιν.

Secondly, We may obſerve with *Dacier*, the degrees by which *Homer* prepares this incident. In the eighteenth book the mere ſight and voice of *Achilles* unarmed, has terrified and put the whole *Trojan* army into diſorder. In the nineteenth the very ſound of the celeſtial arms given him by *Vulcan*, has affrighted his own *Myrmidons* as they ſtand about him. In the twentieth, he has been upon the point of killing *Æneas*, and *Hector* himſelf was not ſaved from him but by *Apollo*'s interpoſing. In that and the following book, he makes an incredible ſlaughter of all that oppoſe him, he overtakes moſt of thoſe that fly from him, and *Priam* himſelf opens the gates of *Troy* to receive the reſt.

Thirdly, *Hector* ſtays, not that he hopes to overcome *Achilles*, but becauſe ſhame and the dread of reproach forbid him to re-enter the city; a ſhame (ſays *Euſtathius*) which was a fault that betrayed him out of his life, and ruined his country.

Thus at the panting dove a falcon flies,
(The ſwifteſt racer of the liquid ſkies) 184

Nay, *Homer* adds farther, that he only ſtaid by the immediate *will of heaven*, intoxicated and irreſiſtibly bound down by *fate*.

Ἕκτορα δ' αὐτοῦ μεῖναι ὁλοὴ μοῖρ' ἐπέδησεν.

Fourthly, He had juſt been reflecting on the injuſtice of the war he maintained; his ſpirits are depreſſed by heaven, he expects certain death, he perceives himſelf abandoned by the Gods, (as he directly ſays in ℣. 300, *&c.* of the *Greek*, and 384 of the tranſlation) ſo that he might ſay to *Achilles* what *Turnus* does to *Æneas*,

"*Dii* me terrent, & *Jupiter* hoſtis."

This indeed is the ſtrongeſt reaſon that can be offered for the flight of *Hector*. He flies not from *Achilles* as a mortal hero, but from one whom he ſees clad in impenetrable armour, ſeconded by *Minerva*, and one who had put to flight the inferiour Gods themſelves. This is not cowardice, according to the conſtant principles of *Homer*, who thought it no part of a hero's character to be impious, or to fancy himſelf independent on the Supreme Being.

Indeed it had been a grievous fault, had our author ſuffered the courage of *Hector* entirely to forſake him even in this extremity: a brave man's ſoul is ſtill capable of rouſing itſelf, and acting honourably in the laſt ſtruggles. Accordingly *Hector*, though delivered over to his deſtiny, abandoned by the Gods, and certain of death, yet ſtops and attacks *Achilles*; when he loſes his ſpear, he draws his ſword: it was impoſſible he ſhould conquer, it was only in his power to fall glorioufly; this he did, and it was all that man could do.

If the Reader, after all, cannot bring himſelf to like this paſſage, for his own particular; yet to induce him to ſuſpend his abſolute cenſure, he may conſider that *Virgil* had an uncommon eſteem for it, as he has teſtified in transferring it almoſt entirely to the death of *Turnus*; where there was no

Juſt when he holds or thinks he holds his prey,
Obliquely wheeling thro' th' aerial way;
With open beak and ſhrilling cries he ſprings,
And aims his claws, and ſhoots upon his wings:

neceſſity of making uſe of the like incidents; but doubtleſs he was touched with this epiſode, as with one of thoſe which intereſt us moſt of the whole *Iliad*, by a ſpectacle at once ſo terrible, and ſo deplorable. I muſt alſo add the ſuffrage of *Ariſtotle*, who was ſo far from looking upon this paſſage as ridiculous or blameable, that he eſteemed it marvellous and admirable. "The *wonderful*, ſays he, ought to have place "in tragedy, but ſtill more in epick poetry, which proceeds "in this point even to the unreaſonable: for as in epick "poems one ſees not the perſons acting, ſo whatever paſſes "the bounds of reaſon is proper to produce the admirable and "the marvellous. For example, what *Homer* ſays of *Hector* "purſued by *Achilles*, would appear ridiculous on the ſtage; "for the ſpectators could not forbear laughing to ſee on one "ſide the *Greeks* ſtanding without any motion, and on the "other *Achilles* purſuing *Hector*, and making ſigns to the "troops not to dart at him. But all this does not appear "when we read the poem: for what is wonderful is always "agreeable, and as a proof of it, we find that they who re-"late any thing, uſually add ſomething to the truth, that it "may the better pleaſe thoſe who hear it."

The ſame great critick vindicates this paſſage in the chapter following. A poet, ſays he, is inexcuſable if he intro-"duces ſuch things as are impoſſible according to the rules "of poetry: but this ceaſes to be a fault, if by thoſe means "he attains to the end propoſed; for he has then brought "about what he intended: for example, if he renders by it "any part of his poem more aſtoniſhing or admirable. Such "is the place of the *Iliad*; where *Achilles* purſues *Hector*." *Ariſt. Poet.* chap. xxv, xxvi.

No leſs fore-right the rapid chace they held,
One urg'd by fury, one by fear impell'd;
Now circling round the walls their courſe maintain,
Where the high watch-tow'r overlooks the plain;
Now where the fig-trees ſpread their umbrage broad,
(A wider compaſs) ſmoke along the road.
Next by *Scamander*'s double ſource they bound,
Where two fam'd fountains burſt the parted ground;

℣. 196. *Where two fam'd fountains.*] *Strabo* blames *Homer* for ſaying that one of the ſources of *Scamander* was a warm fountain; whereas (ſays he) there is but one ſpring, and that cold; neither is this in the place where *Homer* fixes it, but in the mountain. It is obſerved by *Euſtathius*, that though this was not true in *Strabo*'s time, yet it might in *Homer*'s, greater changes having happened in leſs time than that which paſſed between thoſe two authors. *Sandys*, who was both a geographer and critick of great accuracy, as well as a traveller of great veracity, affirms as an eye-witneſs, that there are yet ſome hot-water ſprings in that part of the country, oppoſite to *Tenedos*. I cannot but think that gentleman muſt have been particularly diligent and curious in his enquiries into the remains of a place ſo celebrated in poetry; as he was not only perhaps the moſt learned, but one of the beſt poets of his time: I am glad of this occaſion to do his memory ſo much juſtice as to ſay, the *Engliſh* verſification owes much of its improvement to his Tranſlations, and eſpecially that admirable one of *Job*. What chiefly pleaſes me in this place, is to ſee the exact Landſcape of old *Troy*, we have a clear idea of the town itſelf, and of the roads and country about it; the river, the fig-trees, and every part is ſet before our eyes.

This hot thro' ſcorching clefts is ſeen to riſe,
With exhalations ſteaming to the ſkies;
That the green banks in ſummer's heat o'erflows,
Like cryſtal clear, and cold as winter ſnows.
Each guſhing fount a marble ciſtern fills,
Whoſe poliſh'd bed receives the falling rills;
Where *Trojan* dames (e'er yet alarm'd by *Greece*)
Waſh'd their fair garments in the days of peace.
By theſe they paſt, one chaſing, one in flight,
(The mighty fled, purſu'd by ſtronger might)
Swift was the courſe; no vulgar prize they play,
No vulgar victim muſt reward the day,
(Such as in races crown the ſpeedy ſtrife)
The prize contended was great *Hector*'s life.
As when ſome hero's fun'rals are decreed
In grateful honour of the mighty dead;
Where high rewards the vig'rous youth inflame,
(Some golden tripod, or ſome lovely dame)
The panting courſers ſwiftly turn the goal,
And with them turns the rais'd ſpectator's ſoul.

Thus three times round the *Trojan* wall they fly;
The gazing Gods lean forward from the ſky:
To whom, while eager on the chace they look,
The Sire of mortals and immortals ſpoke.
Unworthy ſight! the man, belov'd of heav'n,
Behold, inglorious round yon' city driv'n!
My heart partakes the gen'rous *Hector*'s pain;
Hector, whoſe zeal whole hecatombs has ſlain,
Whoſe grateful fumes the Gods receiv'd with joy,
From *Ida*'s ſummits, and the tow'rs of *Troy*:

℣. 218. *The gazing Gods lean forward from the ſky.*] We have here an inſtance of the great judgment of *Homer*. The death of *Hector* being the chief action of the poem; he aſſembles the Gods, and calls a Council in heaven concerning it: it is for the ſame reaſon that he repreſents *Jupiter* with the greateſt ſolemnity weighing in his ſcales the fates of the two heroes: I have before obſerved at large upon the laſt circumſtance in a preceding note, ſo that there is no occaſion to repeat it.

I wonder that none of the commentators have taken notice of this beauty; in my opinion it is a very neceſſary obſervation, and ſhews the art and judgment of the poet, that he has made the greateſt and finiſhing action of the poem of ſuch importance that it engages the Gods in debates.

℣. 226. *From* Ida's *ſummits*—] It was the cuſtom of the *Pagans* to ſacrifice to the Gods upon the hills and mountains, in ſcripture language upon the *high places*, for they were perſuaded that the Gods in a particular manner inhabited ſuch eminences: wherefore God ordered his people to deſtroy all thoſe high places, which the nations had prophaned by their

Now ſee him flying! to his fears reſign'd,
And Fate, and fierce *Achilles*, cloſe behind.
Conſult, ye pow'rs! ('tis worthy your debate)
Whether to ſnatch him from impending fate,
Or let him bear, by ſtern *Pelides* ſlain,
(Good as he is) the lot impos'd on man?
Then *Pallas* thus: Shall he whoſe vengeance forms
The forky bolt, and blackens heav'n with ſtorms,
Shall he prolong one *Trojan*'s forfeit breath!
A man, a mortal, pre-ordain'd to death!
And will no murmurs fill the courts above?
No Gods indignant blame their partial *Jove?*
Go then (return'd the Sire) without delay,
Exert thy will: I give the Fates their way.
Swift at the mandate pleas'd *Tritonia* flies,
And ſtoops impetuous from the cleaving ſkies.
As thro' the foreſt, o'er the vale and lawn
The well-breath'd beagle drives the flying fawn;

idolatry. *You ſhall utterly deſtroy all the places wherein the nations which you ſhall poſſeſs ſerved their Gods, upon the high mountains, and upon the hills, and under every green tree.* Deut. xii. 2. It is for this reaſon that ſo many kings are reproached in ſcripture for not *taking away the high places.* Dacier.

In vain he tries the covert of the brakes,
Or deep beneath the trembling thicket ſhakes;
Sure of the vapour in the tainted dews,
The certain hound his various maze purſues.
Thus ſtep by ſtep, where'er the *Trojan* wheel'd,
There ſwift *Achilles* compaſs'd round the field.
Oft' as to reach the *Dardan* gates he bends,
And hopes th' aſſiſtance of his pitying friends,
(Whoſe ſhow'ring arrows, as he cours'd below,
From the high turrets might oppreſs the foe)
So oft' *Achilles* turns him to the plain:
He eyes the city, but he eyes in vain.

ỳ. 249. *Thus ſtep by ſtep*, &c.] There is ſome difficulty in this paſſage, and it ſeems ſtrange that *Achilles* could not overtake *Hector*, whom he excelled ſo much in ſwiftneſs, eſpecially when the poet deſcribes him as running in a narrower circle than *Hector*. *Euſtathius* gives us many ſolutions from the ancients; *Homer* has already told us that they run for the life of *Hector*; and conſequently *Hector* would exert his utmoſt ſpeed, whereas *Achilles* might only endeavour to keep him from entering the city: beſides, *Achilles* could not directly purſue him, becauſe he frequently made efforts to ſhelter himſelf under the wall, and he being obliged to turn him from it, he might be forced to take more ſteps than *Hector*. But the poet, to take away all grounds of an objection, tells us afterwards, that *Apollo* gave him a ſupernatural ſwiftneſs.

As men in ſlumbers ſeem with ſpeedy pace
One to purſue, and one to lead the chace,
Their ſinking limbs the fancy'd courſe forſake,
Nor this can fly, nor that can overtake:
No leſs the lab'ring heroes pant and ſtrain;
While that but flies, and this purſues in vain.

What God, O Muſe! aſſiſted *Hector's* force,
With Fate itſelf ſo long to hold the courſe?
Phœbus it was; who, in his lateſt hour,
Endu'd his knees with ſtrength, his nerves with pow'r:
And great *Achilles*, left ſome *Greek's* advance
Should ſnatch the glory from his lifted lance,

ỳ. 257. *As men in ſlumbers.*] This beautiful compariſon has been condemned by ſome of the ancients, even ſo far as to judge it unworthy of having a place in the *Iliad:* they ſay the diction is mean, and the ſimilitude itſelf abſurd, becauſe it compares the ſwiftneſs of the heroes to men aſleep, who are in a ſtate of reſt and inactivity. But there cannot be a more groundleſs criticiſm: the poet is ſo far from drawing his compariſon from the repoſe of men aſleep, that he alludes only to their dreams: it is a race in fancy that he deſcribes; and ſurely the imagination is nimble enough to illuſtrate the greateſt degree of ſwiftneſs: beſides the verſes themſelves run with the utmoſt rapidity, and imitate the ſwiftneſs they deſcribe. *Euſtathius.*

What ſufficiently proves theſe verſes to be genuine, is, that *Virgil* has imitated them, *Æn.* xii.

"Ac veluti in ſomnis"——

Sign'd to the troops, to yield his foe the way,
And leave untouch'd the honours of the day.
Jove lifts the golden balances, that ſhow
The fates of mortal men, and things below:
Here each contending hero's lot he tries,
And weighs, with equal hand, their deſtinies.
Low ſinks the ſcale ſurcharg'd with *Hector*'s fate;
Heavy with death it ſinks, and hell receives the weight.

℣. 269. *Sign'd to the troops*, &c.] The difference which *Homer* here makes between *Hector* and *Achilles* deſerves to be taken notice of; *Hector* is running away towards the walls, to the end that the *Trojans* who are upon them may overwhelm *Achilles* with their darts; and *Achilles* in turning *Hector* towards the plain, makes a ſign to his troops not to attack him. This ſhews the great courage of *Achilles*. Yet this action which appears ſo generous has been very much condemned by the ancients; *Plutarch* in the life of *Pompey* gives us to underſtand, that it was looked upon as the action of a fool too greedy of glory. Indeed this is not a ſingle combat of *Achilles* againſt *Hector*, (for in that caſe *Achilles* would have done very ill not to hinder his troops from aſſaulting him) this was a rencounter in a battle, and ſo *Achilles* might, and ought to take all advantage to rid himſelf, the readieſt and the ſureſt way, of an enemy whoſe death would procure an entire victory to his party. Wherefore does he leave this victory to chance? Why expoſe himſelf to the hazard of loſing it? Why does he prefer his private glory to the publick weal, and the ſafety of all the *Greeks*, which he puts to the venture by delaying to conquer, and endangering his own perſon? I grant it is a fault, but it muſt be owned to be the fault of a hero. *Euſtathius. Dacier.*

Then *Phœbus* left him. Fierce *Minerva* flies
To ſtern *Pelides*, and triumphing, cries:
Oh lov'd of *Jove!* this day our labours ceaſe,
And conqueſt blazes with full beams on *Greece*.
Great *Hector* falls; that *Hector* fam'd ſo far,
Drunk with renown, inſatiable of war,
Falls by thy hand, and mine! nor force, nor flight,
Shall more avail him, nor his God of Light.
See, where in vain he ſupplicates above,
Roll'd at the feet of unrelenting *Jove!*
Reſt here: myſelf will lead the *Trojan* on,
And urge to meet the fate he cannot ſhun.

ỳ. 277. *Then* Phœbus *left him*—] This is a very beautiful and poetical manner of deſcribing a plain circumſtance: the hour of *Hector*'s death was now come, and the poet expreſſes it by ſaying that *Apollo*, or *Deſtiny*, forſakes him: that is, the Fates no longer protect him. *Euſtathius.*

ỳ. 277. — — *Fierce* Minerva *flies To ſtern* Pelides, *&c.*] The poet may ſeem to diminiſh the glory of *Achilles*, by aſcribing the victory over *Hector* to the aſſiſtance of *Pallas*; whereas in truth he fell by the hand only of *Achilles*: but poetry loves to raiſe every thing into a wonder; it ſteps out of the common road of narration, and aims to ſurprize; and the poet would farther inſinuate that it is a greater glory to *Achilles* to be beloved by the Gods, than to be only excellent in valour: for many men have valour, but few the favour of heaven. *Euſtathius.*

Her voice divine the chief with joyful mind
Obey'd; and reſted, on his lance reclin'd.
While like *Deïphobus* the martial dame
(Her face, her geſture, and her arms the ſam
In ſhow an aid, by hapleſs *Hector*'s ſide
Approach'd, and greets him thus with voice bely

Too long, O *Hector!* have I borne the ſigh
Of this diſtreſs, and ſorrow'd in thy flight:
It fits us now a noble ſtand to make,
And here, as brothers, equal fates partake.

Then he. O Prince! ally'd in blood and fan
Dearer than all that own a brother's name;
Of all that *Hecuba* to *Priam* bore,
Long try'd, long lov'd; much lov'd, but honou
more!

℣. 290. *Obey'd; and reſted.*] The whole paſſage wh *Pallas* deceives *Hector* is evidently an allegory: *Achilles* p ceiving that he cannot overtake *Hector*, pretends to be qu ſpent and wearied in the purſuit; the ſtratagem takes effe and recalls his enemy: this the poet expreſſes by ſaying t *Pallas*, or *Wiſdom*, came to aſſiſt *Achilles*. *Hector* obſervi his enemy ſtay to reſt, concludes that he is quite fatigued, a immediately takes courage and advances upon him; he thir he has him at an advantage, but at laſt finds himſelf deceive thus making a wrong judgment, he is betrayed into his deat ſo that his own *falſe judgment* is the *treacherous* Pallas that d ceives him. *Euſtathius.*

Since you of all our num'rous race, alone
Defend my life, regardleſs of your own.
Again the Goddeſs. Much my father's pray'r,
And much my mother's, preſt me to forbear:
My friends embrac'd my knees, adjur'd my ſtay,
But ſtronger love impell'd, and I obey.
Come then, the glorious conflict let us try,
Let the ſteel ſparkle, and the jav'lin fly;
Or let us ſtretch *Achilles* on the field,
Or to his arm our bloody trophies yield.
Fraudful ſhe ſaid; then ſwiftly march'd before;
The *Dardan* hero ſhuns his foe no more.
Sternly they met. The ſilence *Hector* broke;
His dreadful plumage nodded as he ſpoke.
Enough, O ſon of *Peleus!* *Troy* has view'd
Her walls thrice circled, and her chief purſu'd.

℣. 317. *The ſpeeches of* Hector *and of* Achilles.] There is an oppoſition between theſe ſpeeches excellently adapted to the characters of both the heroes. That of *Hector* is full of courage, but mixed with humanity; that of *Achilles*, of reſentment and arrogance. We ſee the great *Hector* diſpoſing of his own remains; and that thirſt of glory which has made him live with honour, now bids him provide, as *Euſtathius* obſerves, that what once was *Hector* may not be diſhonoured. Thus we ſee a ſedate, calm courage, with a contempt of

But now ſome God within me bids me try
Thine, or my fate: I kill thee, or I die.
Yet on the verge of battle let us ſtay,
And for a moment's ſpace ſuſpend the day;
Let heav'n's high pow'rs be call'd to arbitrate
The juſt conditions of this ſtern debate.
(Eternal witneſſes of all below,
And faithful guardians of the treaſur'd vow!)
To them I ſwear; if victor in the ſtrife,
Jove by theſe hands ſhall ſhed thy noble life,
No vile diſhonour ſhall thy corpſe purſue;
Stript of its arms alone (the conqu'ror's due)

death, in the ſpeech of *Hector*: but in that of *Achilles* there is a *fierté*, and an inſolent air of ſuperiority. His magnanimity makes him ſcorn to ſteal a victory; he bids him prepare to defend himſelf with all his forces: and that valour and reſentment which made him deſirous that he might revenge himſelf upon *Hector* with his own hand, and forbade the *Greeks* to interpoſe, now directs him not to take any advantage over a brave enemy. I think both their characters are admirably ſuſtained, and though *Achilles* be drawn with a great violence of features, yet the picture is undoubtedly like him; and it had been the utmoſt abſurdity to have ſoftened one line upon this occaſion, when the ſoul of *Achilles* was all on fire to revenge the death of his friend *Patroclus*. I muſt deſire the reader to carry this obſervation in his memory, and particularly in that place, where *Achilles* ſays he could eat the very fleſh of *Hector*; though I have a little ſoftened it in the tranſlation; *v.* 437.

The reſt to *Greece* uninjur'd I'll reſtore:
Now plight thy mutual oath, I aſk no more.
Talk not of oaths (the dreadful chief replies,
While anger flaſh'd from his diſdainful eyes)
Deteſted as thou art, and ought to be,
Nor oath nor pact *Achilles* plights with thee:
Such pacts, as lambs and rabid wolves combine,
Such leagues, as men and furious lions join,
To ſuch I call the Gods! one conſtant ſtate
Of laſting rancour and eternal hate:
No thought but rage, and never-ceaſing ſtrife,
'Till death extinguiſh rage, and thought, and life.
Rouſe then thy forces this important hour,
Collect thy ſoul, and call forth all thy pow'r.
No farther ſubterfuge, no farther chance;
'Tis *Pallas*, *Pallas* gives thee to my lance.
Each *Grecian* ghoſt by thee depriv'd of breath,
Now hovers round, and calls thee to thy death.
He ſpoke, and lanch'd his jav'lin at the foe;
But *Hector* ſhun'd the meditated blow:
He ſtoop'd, while o'er his head the flying ſpear
Sung innocent, and ſpent its force in air.

Minerva watch'd it falling on the land,
Then drew, and gave to great *Achilles'* hand,
Unſeen of *Hector*, who, elate with joy,
Now ſhakes his lance, and braves the dread of *Troy*.
The life you boaſted to that jav'lin giv'n,
Prince! you have miſt. My fate depends on heav'n.
To thee, preſumptuous as thou art, unknown
Or what muſt prove my fortune, or thy own.
Boaſting is but an art, our fears to blind,
And with falſe terrours ſink another's mind.
But know, whatever fate I am to try,
By no diſhoneſt wound ſhall *Hector* die;
I ſhall not fall a fugitive at leaſt,
My ſoul ſhall bravely iſſue from my breaſt.
But firſt, try thou my arm; and may this dart
End all my country's woes, deep buried in thy heart!
The weapon flew, its courſe unerring held,
Unerring, but the heav'nly ſhield repell'd
The mortal dart; reſulting with a bound
From off the ringing orb, it ſtruck the ground.

Hector beheld his jav'lin fall in vain,
Nor other lance, nor other hope remain;
He calls *Deïphobus*, demands a ſpear,
In vain, for no *Deïphobus* was there.
All comfortleſs he ſtands: then, with a ſigh,
'Tis ſo — heav'n wills it, and my hour is nigh!
I deem'd *Deïphobus* had heard my call,
But he ſecure lies guarded in the wall.
A God deceiv'd me; *Pallas*, 'twas thy deed,
Death, and black fate approach! 'tis I muſt bleed.
No refuge now, no ſuccour from above,
Great *Jove* deſerts me, and the ſon of *Jove*,
Propitious once, and kind! Then welcome fate!
'Tis true I periſh, yet I periſh great:
Yet in a mighty deed I ſhall expire,
Let future ages hear it, and admire!

Fierce, at the word, his weighty ſword he drew,
And, all collected, on *Achilles* flew.
So *Jove*'s bold bird, high balanc'd in the air,
Stoops from the clouds to truſs the quiv'ring hare.

℣. 391. *So Jove's bold bird, &c.*] The poet takes up ſome time in deſcribing the two great heroes before they cloſe in fight: the verſes are pompous and magnificent, and he illuſ-

Nor leſs *Achilles* his fierce ſoul prepares;
Before his breaſt the flaming ſhield he bears,
Refulgent orb! above his fourfold cone
The gilded horſe-hair ſparkled in the ſun,
Nodding at ev'ry ſtep: (*Vulcanian* frame!)
And as he mov'd, his figure ſeem'd on flame.
As radiant *Heſper* ſhines with keener light,
Far-beaming o'er the ſilver hoſt of night,
When all the ſtarry train emblaze the ſphere:
So ſhone the point of great *Achilles'* ſpear.
In his right hand he waves the weapon round,
Eyes the whole man, and meditates the wound;
But the rich mail *Patroclus* lately wore,
Securely cas'd the warriour's body o'er.
One place at length he ſpies, to let in fate,
Where 'twixt the neck and throat the jointed plate
Gave ent'rance: thro' that penetrable part
Furious he drove the well-directed dart:

trates his deſcription with two beautiful ſimiles: he makes a double uſe of this conduct, which not only raiſes our imagination to attend to ſo momentous an action, but by lengthening his narration keeps the mind in a pleaſing ſuſpenſe, and divides it between hopes and fears for the fate of *Hector* or *Achilles*.

ỳ. 409. *Thro' that penetrable part Furious he drove*, &c.] It was neceſſary that the poet ſhould be very particular in this

Nor pierc'd the wind-pipe yet, nor took the pow'r
Of ſpeech, unhappy! from thy dying hour.
Prone on the field the bleeding warriour lies,
While thus triumphing, ſtern *Achilles* cries.
At laſt is *Hector* ſtretch'd upon the plain,
Who fear'd no vengeance for *Patroclus* ſlain:
Then, Prince! you ſhould have fear'd, what now you feel;
Achilles abſent, was *Achilles* ſtill.
Yet a ſhort ſpace the great avenger ſtay'd,
Then low in duſt thy ſtrength and glory lay'd.
Peaceful He ſleeps, with all our rites adorn'd,
For ever honour'd, and for ever mourn'd:
While caſt to all the rage of hoſtile pow'r,
Thee, birds ſhall mangle, and the dogs devour.

point, becauſe the arms that *Hector* wore, were the arms of *Achilles*, that were taken from *Patroclus*; and conſequently as they were the work of *Vulcan*, they would preſerve *Hector* from the poſſibility of a wound: the poet therefore to give an air of probability to his ſtory, tells us that they were *Patroclus*'s arms, and as they were not made for *Hector*, they might not exactly fit his body: ſo that it is not improbable but there might be ſome place about the neck of *Hector* ſo open, as to admit the ſpear of *Achilles*. *Euſtathius*.

Then *Hector* fainting at th'approach of death.
By thy own ſoul! by thoſe who gave thee breath!
By all the ſacred prevalence of pray'r;
Ah, leave me not for *Grecian* dogs to tear!
The common rites of ſepulture beſtow,
To ſoothe a father's and a mother's woe;
Let their large gifts procure an urn at leaſt,
And *Hector*'s aſhes in his country reſt.

No, wretch accurſt; relentleſs he replies,
(Flames, as he ſpoke, ſhot flaſhing from his eyes)
Not thoſe who gave me breath ſhou'd bid me ſpare,
Nor all the ſacred prevalence of pray'r.
Could I myſelf the bloody banquet join!
No—to the dogs that carcaſe I reſign.
Should *Troy*, to bribe me, bring forth all her ſtore,
And giving thouſands, offer thouſands more;

ỳ. 437. *Could I myſelf the bloody banquet join!*] I have before hinted that there is ſomething very fierce and violent in this paſſage; but I fancy that what I there obſerved will juſtify *Homer* in his relation, though not *Achilles* in his ſavage ſentiments: yet the poet ſoftens the expreſſion by making *Achilles* only wiſh that his *heart would permit him* to devour him: this is much more tolerable than a paſſage in the *Thebais* of *Statius*, where *Tydeus* in the very pangs of death is repreſented as gnawing the head of his enemy.

ỳ. 439. *Should* Troy, *to bribe me*, &c.] Such reſolutions as *Achilles* here makes, are very natural to men in anger; he

Should *Dardan Priam*, and his weeping dame,
Drain their whole realm to buy one fun'ral flame:
Their *Hector* on the pile they ſhould not ſee,
Nor rob the vultures of one limb of thee.

Then thus the chief his dying accents drew;
Thy rage, implacable! too well I knew;
The Furies that relentleſs breaſt have ſteel'd,
And curſt thee with a heart that cannot yield.
Yet think, a day will come, when Fate's decree
And angry Gods, ſhall wreak this wrong on thee;
Phœbus and *Paris* ſhall avenge my fate,
And ſtretch thee here, before this *Scæan* gate.

tells *Hector* that no motives ſhall ever prevail with him to ſuffer his body to be ranſomed; yet when time had cooled his heat, and he had ſomewhat ſatisfied his revenge by inſulting his remains, he reſtores them to *Priam*. This perfectly agrees with his conduct in the ninth book, where at firſt he gives a rough denial, and afterwards ſoftens into an eaſier temper. And this is very agreeable to the nature of *Achilles*; his anger abates very ſlowly; it is ſtubborn, yet ſtill it remits: had the poet drawn him never to be pacified, he had outraged nature, and not repreſented his hero as a man, but as a monſter. *Euſtathius.*

v. 449. *A day will come.*] *Hector propheſies* at his death that *Achilles* ſhall fall by the hand of *Paris*. This confirms an obſervation made in a former note, that the words of dying men were looked upon as prophecies; but whether ſuch conjectures are true or falſe, it appears from hence, that ſuch opinions have prevailed in the world above three thouſand years.

He ceas'd. The Fates ſuppreſt his lab'ring breath,
And his eyes ſtiffen'd at the hand of death;
To the dark realm the ſpirit wings its way,
(The manly body left a load of clay)
And plaintive glides along the dreary coaſt,
A naked, wand'ring, melancholy ghoſt!
Achilles, muſing as he roll'd his eyes
O'er the dead hero, thus (unheard) replies.
Die thou the firſt! When *Jove* and heav'n ordain,
I follow thee — He ſaid, and ſtripp'd the ſlain.
Then forcing backward from the gaping wound
The reeking jav'lin, caſt it on the ground.
The thronging *Greeks* behold with wond'ring eyes
His manly beauty and ſuperiour ſize;
While ſome ignobler, the great dead deface
With wounds ungen'rous, or with taunts diſgrace.

ỳ. 467. *The great dead deface With wounds*, &c.] *Euſtathius* tells us that *Homer* introduces the ſoldiers wounding the dead body of *Hector*, in order to mitigate the cruelties which *Achilles* exerciſes upon it. For if every common ſoldier takes a pride in giving him a wound, what inſults may we not expect from the inexorable, inflamed *Achilles*? But I muſt confeſs myſelf unable to vindicate the poet in giving us ſuch an idea of his countrymen. I think the former courage of their enemy

" How chang'd that *Hector!* who like *Jove* of late,
" Sent light'ning on our fleets, and ſcatter'd fate?"
High o'er the ſlain the great *Achilles* ſtands,
Begirt with heroes, and ſurrounding bands;
And thus aloud, while all the hoſt attends.
Princes and Leaders! Countrymen and friends!

ſhould have been ſo far from moving them to revenge, that it ſhould have recommended him to their eſteem: what *Achilles* afterwards acts is ſuitable to his character, and conſequently the poet is juſtified; but ſurely all the *Greeks* are not of his temper? *Patroclus* was not ſo dear to them all, as he was to *Achilles*. It is true, the poet repreſents *Achilles* (as *Euſtathius* obſerves) enumerating the many ills they had ſuffered from *Hector*; and ſeems to endeavour to infect the whole army with his reſentment. Had *Hector* been living, they had been acted by a generous indignation againſt him: but theſe men ſeem as if they only dared approach him dead; in ſhort, what they ſay over his body is a mean inſult, and the ſtabs they give it are cowardly and barbarous.

v. 474. *The ſpeech of* Achilles.] We have a very fine obſervation of *Euſtathius* on this place, that the judgment and addreſs of *Homer* here is extremely worthy of remark: he knew, and had often ſaid, that the gods and fate had not granted *Achilles* the glory of taking *Troy:* there was then no reaſon to make him march againſt the town after the death of *Hector*, ſince all his efforts muſt have been ineffectual. What has the poet done in this conjuncture? It was but reaſonable that the firſt thought of *Achilles* ſhould be to march directly to *Troy*, and to profit himſelf of the general conſternation into which the death of *Hector* had thrown the *Trojans*. We here ſee he knows the duty, and does not want the ability, of a great General; but after this on a ſudden he changes his deſign, and derives a plauſible pretence from the impatience

Since now at length the pow'rful will of heav'n
The dire deſtroyer to our arm has giv'n,
Is not *Troy* fall'n already? Haſte, ye pow'rs!
See, if already their deſerted tow'rs
Are left unmann'd; or if they yet retain
The ſouls of heroes, their great *Hector* ſlain?
But what is *Troy*, or glory what to me?
Or why reflects my mind on ought but thee,
Divine *Patroclus!* Death has ſeal'd his eyes;
Unwept, unhonour'd, uninterr'd he lies!
Can his dear image from my ſoul depart,
Long as the vital ſpirit moves my heart?
If, in the melancholy ſhades below,
The ſlames of friends and lovers ceaſe to glow,
Yet mine ſhall ſacred laſt; mine undecay'd,
Burn on thro' death, and animate my ſhade.
Meanwhile, ye ſons of *Greece*, in triumph bring
The corpſe of *Hector*, and your *Pæans* ſing.

he has to pay the laſt devoirs to his friend. The manners of *Achilles*, and what he has already done for *Patroclus*, make this very natural. At the ſame time, this turning off to the tender and pathetick has a fine effect; the reader in the very fury of the hero's vengeance, perceives, that *Achilles* is ſtill a man, and capable of ſofter paſſions.

Be this the ſong, ſlow-moving tow'rd the ſhore,
" *Hector* is dead, and *Ilion* is no more."
Then his fell ſoul a thought of vengeance bred,
(Unworthy of himſelf, and of the dead) 496

ỳ. 494. " Hector *is dead, and* Ilion *is no more.*"] I have followed the opinion of *Euſtathius*, who thought that what *Achilles* ſays here was the *chorus* or burden of a *ſong* of triumph, in which his troops bear a part with him, as he returns from this glorious combat. *Dacier* obſerves that this is very correſpondent to the manners of thoſe times; and inſtances in that paſſage of the book of *Kings*, when *David* returned from the conqueſt of *Goliah:* the women there go out to meet him from all the cities of *Iſrael*, and ſing a triumphal ſong, the *chorus* whereof is, Saul *has killed his thouſands, and* David *his ten thouſands.*

ỳ. 496. *Unworthy of himſelf, and of the dead.*] This inhumanity of *Achilles* in dragging the dead body of *Hector*, has been ſeverely (and I think indeed not without ſome juſtice) cenſured by ſeveral, both ancients and moderns. *Plato* in his third book *de Republica*, ſpeaks of it with deteſtation: but methinks it is a great injuſtice to *Homer*, to reflect upon the morals of the author himſelf, for things which he only paints as the manners of a vicious hero.

It may juſtly be obſerved in general of all *Plato*'s objections againſt *Homer*, that they are ſtill in a view to morality, conſtantly blaming him for repreſenting ill and immoral things as the opinions or actions of his perſons. To every one of theſe, one general anſwer will ſerve, which is, that *Homer* as often deſcribes ill things, in order to make us avoid them, as good, to induce us to follow them, (which is the caſe with all writers whatever.) But what is extremely remarkable, and evidently ſhews the injuſtice of *Plato*'s cenſure is, that many of thoſe very actions for which he blames him are expreſly characteriſed and marked by *Homer* himſelf as evil and deteſtable, by previous expreſſions or cautions. Thus in the

The nervous ancles bor'd, his feet he bound
With thongs inſerted thro' the double wound;
Theſe fix'd up high behind the rolling wain,
His graceful head was trail'd along the plain.
Proud on his car th' inſulting victor ſtood,
And bore aloft his arms, diſtilling blood.
He ſmites the ſteeds; the rapid chariot flies;
The ſudden clouds of circling duſt ariſe.
Now loſt is all that formidable air;
The face divine, and long-deſcending hair,

preſent place, before he deſcribes this barbarity of *Achilles*, he tells us it was a moſt unworthy action.

— — — Καὶ Ἕκτορα δῖον ἀεικέα μήδεσθαι ἔργα.

When *Achilles* ſacrifices the twelve young *Trojans* in *lib.* xxiii. he repeats the ſame words. When *Pandarus* broke the truce in *lib.* iv. he told us it was a mad, unjuſt deed;

— — — τῷ δὲ φρένας ἄφρονι πεῖθεν.

And ſo of the reſt.

ℽ. 506. *The face divine, and long-deſcending hair.*] It is impoſſible to read the actions of great men without having our curioſity raiſed to know the leaſt circumſtance that relates to them. *Homer*, to ſatisfy it, has taken care in the proceſs of his poem to give us the ſhape of his heroes, and the very colour of their hair; thus he has told us that *Achilles*'s locks were yellow, and here the epithet Κυάνεαι ſhews us that thoſe of *Hector* were of a darker colour: as to his perſon, he told us a little above, that it was ſo handſome, that all the *Greeks* were ſurpriſed to ſee it. *Plutarch* recites a remarkable ſtory of the beauty of *Hector:* it was reported in *Lacedæmon*, that

Purple the ground, and ſtreak the ſable ſand;
Deform'd, diſhonour'd, in his native land
Giv'n to the rage of an inſulting throng!
And, in his parent's ſight, now dragg'd along!
The mother firſt beheld with ſad ſurvey;
She rent her treſſes, venerably grey,
And caſt, far off, the regal veils away.
With piercing ſhrieks his bitter fate ſhe moans,
While the ſad father anſwers groans with groans,
Tears after tears his mournful cheeks o'erflow,
And the whole city wears one face of woe:
No leſs than if the rage of hoſtile fires,
From her foundations curling to her ſpires,
Oe'r the proud citadel at length ſhould riſe,
And the laſt blaze ſend *Ilion* to the ſkies.
The wretched monarch of the falling ſtate,
Diſtracted, preſſes to the *Dardan* gate.
Scarce the whole people ſtop his deſp'rate courſe,
While ſtrong affliction give the feeble force:

a handſome youth who very much reſembled *Hector* was arrived there; immediately the whole city run in ſuch numbers to behold him, that he was trampled to death by the croud. *Euſtathius.*

Grief tears his heart, and drives him to and fro,
In all the raging impotence of woe.
At length he roll'd in duſt, and thus begun:
Imploring all, and naming one by one.
Ah! let me, let me go where ſorrow calls;
I, only I, will iſſue from your walls,
(Guide or companion, friends! I aſk ye none)
And bow before the murd'rer of my ſon.
My grief perhaps his pity may engage;
Perhaps at leaſt he may reſpect my age.
He has a father too; a man like me;
One, not exempt from age and miſery,
(Vig'rous no more, as when his young embrace
Begot this peſt of me, and all my race.)
How many valiant ſons, in early bloom,
Has that curſt hand ſent headlong to the tomb?
Thee, *Hector!* laſt: thy loſs (divinely brave)
Sinks my ſad ſoul with ſorrow to the grave.

ỳ. 543. *Sinks my ſad ſoul with ſorrow to the grave.*] It is in the *Greek*,

Οὗ μ' ἄχος ὀξὺ κατοίσεται ἄϊδος εἴσω.

It is needleſs to obſerve to the reader with what a beautiful *pathos* the wretched father laments his ſon *Hector*: it is im-

Oh had thy gentle ſpirit paſt in peace,
The ſon expiring in the ſire's embrace,
While both the parents wept the fatal hour,
And bending o'er thee, mix'd the tender ſhow'r!
Some comfort that had been, ſome ſad relief,
To melt in full ſatiety of grief!

Thus wail'd the father, grov'ling on the ground,
And all the eyes of *Ilion* ſtream'd around.

Amidſt her matrons *Hecuba* appears,
(A mourning Princeſs, and a train in tears)
Ah why has heaven prolong'd this hated breath,
Patient of horrours, to behold thy death?
O *Hector!* late thy parents pride and joy,
The boaſt of nations! the defence of *Troy!*
To whom her ſafety and her fame ſhe ow'd;
Her Chief, her Hero, and almoſt her God!
O fatal change! become in one ſad day
A ſenſeleſs corſe! inanimated clay!

poſſible not to join with *Priam* in his ſorrows. But what I would chiefly point out to my reader, is the beauty of this line, which is particularly tender, and almoſt word for word the ſame with that of the Patriarch *Jacob*; who upon a like occaſion breaks out into the ſame complaint, and tells his children, that if they deprive him of his ſon *Benjamin*, they will *bring down his grey hairs with ſorrow to the grave.*

But not as yet the fatal news had ſpread
To fair *Andromache*, of *Hector* dead;
As yet no meſſenger had told his fate,
Nor ev'n his ſtay without the *Scæan* gate.
Far in the cloſe receſſes of the dome,
Penſive ſhe ply'd the melancholy loom;
A growing work employ'd her ſecret hours,
Confus'dly gay with intermingled flow'rs.
Her fair-hair'd handmaids heat the brazen urn,
The bath preparing for her Lord's return:
In vain: alas! her Lord returns no more!
Unbath'd he lies, and bleeds along the ſhore!
Now from the walls the clamours reach her ear,
And all her members ſhake with ſudden fear;

℣. 563, &c.] The grief of *Andromache*, which is painted in the following part, is far beyond all the praiſes that can be given it; but I muſt take notice of one particular which ſhews the great art of the poet. In order to make the wife of *Hector* appear yet more afflicted than his parents, he has taken care to encreaſe her affliction by *ſurpriſe:* it is finely prepared by the circumſtances of her being retired to her inmoſt apartment, of her employment in weaving a robe for her huſband (as may be conjectured from what ſhe ſays afterwards, ℣. 657.) and of her maids preparing the bath for his return: all which (as the criticks have obſerved) augment the ſurpriſe, and render this reverſe of fortune much more dreadful and afflicting.

Forth from her iv'ry hand the ſhuttle falls,
As thus, aſtoniſh'd, to her maids ſhe calls.
Ah follow me! (ſhe cry'd) what plaintive noiſe
Invades my ear? 'Tis ſure my mother's voice.
My falt'ring knees their trembling frame deſert,
A pulſe unuſual flutters at my heart;
Some ſtrange diſaſter, ſome reverſe of fate
(Ye Gods avert it) threats the *Trojan* ſtate.
Far be the Omen which my thoughts ſuggeſt!
But much I fear my *Hector*'s dauntleſs breaſt
Confronts *Achilles*; chas'd along the plain,
Shut from our walls! I fear, I fear him ſlain!
Safe in the croud he ever ſcorn'd to wait,
And ſought for glory in the jaws of fate:
Perhaps that noble heat has coſt his breath,
Now quench'd for ever in the arms of death.
She ſpoke; and furious, with diſtracted pace;
Fears in her heart, and anguiſh in her face;
Flies thro' the dome, (the maids her ſteps purſue)
And mounts the walls, and ſends around her view.
Too ſoon her eyes the killing object found,
The god-like *Hector* dragg'd along the ground.

A ſudden darkneſs ſhades her ſwimming eyes:
She faints, ſhe falls; her breath, her colour flies.
Her hair's fair ornaments, the braids that bound,
The net that held them, and the wreath that crown'd,
The veil and diadem, flew far away;
(The gift of *Venus* on her bridal day.)

ỳ. 600. *Her hair's fair ornaments.*] *Euſtathius* remarks, that in ſpeaking of *Andromache* and *Hecuba*, *Homer* expatiates upon the ornaments of dreſs in *Andromache*, becauſe ſhe was a beautiful young princeſs; but is very conciſe about that of *Hecuba*, becauſe ſhe was old, and wore a dreſs ſuitable to her age and gravity, than to her ſtate, birth, and condition. I cannot paſs over a matter of ſuch importance as a Lady's dreſs, without endeavouring to explain what ſort of heads were worn above three thouſand years ago.

It is difficult to deſcribe particularly every ornament mentioned by the poet, but I ſhall lay before my female readers the Biſhop's explanation. The Ἄμπυξ was uſed, τὸ τὰς ἐμπροσθίας τρίχας ἀναδῆσαι, that is, to tie backwards the hair that grew on the fore-part of the head: the Κεκρύφαλος was a veil of net-work that covered the hair when it was ſo tied: Ἀναδέσμη was an ornament uſed κύκλῳ περὶ τὰς κροτάφους ἀναδῆσαι, to tie backwards the hair that grew on the temples; and the Κρήδεμνον was a fillet, perhaps embroidered with gold, (from the expreſſion of χρυσῆ Ἀφροδίτη) that bound the whole, and compleated the dreſs.

The Ladies cannot but be pleaſed to ſee ſo much learning and *Greek* upon this important ſubject.

Homer is in nothing more excellent than in that diſtinction of characters which he maintains through his whole poem: what *Andromache* here ſays, cannot be ſpoken properly by any but *Andromache*: there is nothing general in her ſorrows, nothing that can be transferred to another character: the mother laments the ſon, and the wife weeps over the huſband.

Around a train of weeping ſiſters ſtands
To raiſe her ſinking with aſſiſtant hands.
Scarce from the verge of death recall'd, again
She faints, or but recovers to complain.

O wretched huſband of a wretched wife!
Born with one fate, to one unhappy life!
For ſure one ſtar its baneful beam diſplay'd
On *Priam*'s roof, and *Hippoplacia*'s ſhade.
From diff'rent parents, diff'rent climes we came,
At diff'rent periods, yet our fate the ſame!
Why was my birth to great *Aëtion* ow'd,
And why was all that tender care beſtow'd?
Would I had never been! — O thou, the ghoſt
Of my dead huſband! miſerably loſt!
Thou to the diſmal realms for ever gone!
And I abandon'd, deſolate, alone!
An only child, once comfort of my pains,
Sad product now of hapleſs love, remains!
No more to ſmile upon his Sire! no friend
To help him now! no father to defend!
For ſhould he 'ſcape the ſword, the common doom!
What wrongs attend him, and what griefs to come?

Ev'n from his own paternal roof expell'd,
Some ſtranger ploughs his patrimonial field.
The day, that to the ſhades the father ſends,
Robs the ſad orphan of his father's friends:
He, wretched outcaſt of mankind! appears
For ever ſad, for ever bath'd in tears;

ỳ. 628. *The day, that to the ſhades*, &c.] The following verſes, which ſo finely deſcribe the condition of an orphan, have been rejected by ſome ancient criticks: it is a proof there were always criticks of no manner of taſte; it being impoſſible any where to meet with a more exquiſite paſſage. I will venture to ſay, there are not in all *Homer* any lines more worthy of him: the beauty of this tender and compaſſionate image is ſuch, that it even makes amends for the many cruel ones, with which the *Iliad* is too much ſtained. Theſe cenſurers imagined this deſcription to be of too abject and mean a nature of one, of the quality of *Aſtyanax:* but had they conſidered (ſays *Euſtathius*) that theſe are the words of a fond mother, who feared every thing for her ſon; that women are by nature timorous, and think all misfortunes will happen, becauſe there is a poſſibility that they may; that *Andromache* is in the very height of her ſorrows, in the inſtant ſhe is ſpeaking; I fancy they would have altered their opinions.

It is undoubtedly an aggravation to our misfortunes when they ſink us in a moment from the higheſt flow of proſperity to the loweſt adverſity: the poet judiciouſly makes uſe of this circumſtance, the more to excite our pity, and introduces the mother with the utmoſt tenderneſs, lamenting this reverſe of fortune in her ſon; changed all at once into a ſlave, a beggar, an orphan! Have we not examples in our own times of unhappy Princes, whoſe condition renders this of *Aſtyanax* but too probable?

Amongſt the happy, unregarded he,
Hangs on the robe, or trembles at the knee,
While thoſe his father's former bounty fed,
Nor reach the goblet, nor divide the bread:
The kindeſt but his preſent wants allay,
To leave him wretched the ſucceeding day.
Frugal compaſſion! Heedleſs they who boaſt
Both parents ſtill, nor feel what he has loſt,
Shall cry, "Be gone! thy father feaſts not here:"
The wretch obeys, retiring with a tear.
Thus wretched, thus retiring all in tears,
To my ſad ſoul *Aſtyanax* appears!
Forc'd by repeated inſults to return,
And to his widow'd mother vainly mourn.
He, who with tender delicacy bred,
With princes ſported, and on dainties fed,

ỳ. 647. *On dainties fed.*] It is in the *Greek* "Who upon "his father's knees, uſed to eat marrow and the fat of ſheep." This would ſeem groſs if it were literally tranſlated, but it is a figurative expreſſion; in the ſtile of the Orientals, marrow and fatneſs are taken for whatever is beſt, tendereſt, and moſt delicious. Thus in *Job* xxi. 24. *Viſcera ejus plena ſunt adipe, & medullis oſſa ejus irrigantur.* And xxxvi. 16. *Requies autem menſæ tuæ erit plena pinguedine.* In *Jer.* xxxi. 14. God ſays, that he will ſatiate the ſoul of the prieſt with fatneſs. *Inebriabo animam ſacerdotum pinguedine.* Dacier.

And when ſtill ev'ning gave him up to reſt,
Sunk ſoft in down upon the nurſe's breaſt,
Muſt — ah what muſt he not? Whom *Ilion* calls
Aſtyanax, from her well-guarded walls,
Is now that name no more, unhappy boy!
Since now no more the father guards his *Troy*.
But thou, my *Hector*, ly'ſt expos'd in air,
Far from thy parent's and thy conſort's care,
Whoſe hand in vain, directed by her love,
The martial ſcarf and robe of triumph wove.

℣. 657. *The martial ſcarf and robe of triumph wove.*] This idea very naturally offers itſelf to a woman, who repreſents to herſelf the body of her huſband daſhed to pieces, and all his limbs dragged upon the ground uncovered; and nothing is more proper to excite pity. It is well known, that it was anciently the cuſtom among princeſſes and great ladies to have large quantities of ſtuffs and moveables. This proviſion was the more neceſſary in thoſe times than now, becauſe of the great conſumption made of them on thoſe occaſions of mourning. *Dacier.*

I am of opinion that *Homer* had a farther view in expatiating thus largely on the death of *Hector*. Every word that *Hecuba*, *Priam*, and *Andromache* ſpeak, ſhews us the importance of *Hector*: every word adds a weight to the concluding action of the poem, and at the ſame time repreſents the ſad effects of the Anger of *Achilles*, which is the ſubject of it.

Now to devouring flames be theſe a prey,
Uſeleſs to thee, from this accurſed day!
Yet let the ſacrifice at leaſt be paid,
An honour to the living, not the dead!
So ſpake the mournful dame: her matrons hear,
Sigh back her ſighs, and anſwer tear with tear.

THE

TWENTY-THIRD BOOK

OF THE

ILIAD.

The ARGUMENT.

ACHILLES *and the* Myrmidons *do honours to the body of* Patroclus. *After the funeral feaſt he retires to the ſea-ſhore, where falling aſleep, the ghoſt of his friend appears to him, and demands the rites of burial; the next morning the ſoldiers are ſent with mules and waggons to fetch wood for the pyre. The funeral proceſſion, and the offering their hair to the dead.* Achilles *ſacrifices ſeveral Animals, and laſtly twelve* Trojan *captives at the pile, then ſets fire to it. He pays libations to the winds, which (at the inſtance of* Iris) *riſe, and raiſe the flames. When the pile has burned all night, they gather the bones, place them in an urn of gold, and raiſe the tomb.* Achilles *inſtitutes the funeral games: the chariot-race, the fight of the* Cæſtus, *the wreſtling, the foot-race, the ſingle combat, the* Diſcus, *the ſhooting with arrows, the darting the javelin: the various deſcriptions of which, and the various ſucceſs of the ſeveral antagoniſts, make the greateſt part of the book.*

In this book ends the thirtieth day. The night following, the ghoſt of Patroclus *appears to* Achilles: *the one and thirtieth day is employed in felling the timber for the pile; the two and thirtieth in burning it; and the three and thirtieth in the games. The ſcene is generally on the ſea-ſhore.*

THE

*TWENTY-THIRD BOOK

OF THE

ILIAD.

THUS humbled in the duſt, the penſive train
Thro' the ſad city mourn'd her hero ſlain.
The body ſoil'd with duſt, and black with gore,
Lies on broad *Helleſpont's* reſounding ſhore:

* This, and the following book, which contain the deſcription of the funeral of *Patroclus*, and other matters relating to *Hector*, are undoubtedly ſupperadded to the grand cataſtrophe of the poem; for the ſtory is compleatly finiſhed with the death of that hero in the twenty-ſecond book. Many judicious criticks have been of opinion, that *Homer* is blameable for protracting it. *Virgil* cloſes the whole ſcene of action with the death of *Turnus*, and leaves the reſt to be imagined

The *Grecians* ſeek their ſhips, and clear the ſtrand,
All, but the martial *Myrmidonian* band: 6

by the mind of the reader; He does not draw the picture at full length, but delineates it ſo far, that we cannot fail of imagining the whole draught. There is however one thing to be ſaid in favour of *Homer*, which may perhaps juſtify him in his method, that what he undertook to paint was the *Anger of* Achilles: and as that Anger does not die with *Hector*, but perſecutes his very remains, ſo the Poet ſtill keeps up to his ſubject; nay, it ſeems to require that he ſhould carry down the relation of that reſentment, which is the foundation of his poem, till it is fully ſatisfied: and as this ſurvives *Hector*, and gives the poet an opportunity of ſtill ſhewing many ſad effects of *Achilles*'s Anger, the two following books may be thought not to be excreſcencies, but eſſential to the Poem.

Virgil had been inexcuſeable had he trod in *Homer*'s footſteps; for it is evident that the fall of *Turnus*, by giving *Æneas* a full power over *Italy*, anſwers the whole deſign and intention of the poem; had he gone farther, he had overſhot his mark: and though *Homer* proceeds after *Hector*'s death, yet the ſubject is ſtill the *Anger of* Achilles.

We are now paſt the war and violence of the *Ilias*, the ſcenes of blood are cloſed during the reſt of the poem; we may look back with a pleaſing kind of horrour upon the Anger of *Achilles*, and ſee what dire effects it has wrought in the compaſs of nineteen days: *Troy* and *Greece* are both in mourning for it, Heaven and Earth, Gods and Men, have ſuffered in the conflict. The reader ſeems landed upon the ſhore after a violent ſtorm; and has leiſure to ſurvey the conſequences of the tempeſt, and the wreck occaſioned by the former commotions, *Troy* weeping for *Hector*, and *Greece* for *Patroclus*. Our paſſions have been in an agitation ſince the opening of the poem; wherefore the poet, like ſome great maſter in muſick, ſoftens his notes, and melts his readers into tenderneſs and pity.

Theſe yet aſſembled great *Achilles* holds,
And the ſtern purpoſe of his mind unfolds.
Not yet (my brave companions of the war)
Releaſe your ſmoking courſers from the car;
But, with his chariot each in order led,
Perform due honours to *Patroclus* dead.
E'er yet from reſt or food we ſeek relief,
Some rites remain, to glut our rage of grief.
The troops obey'd; and thrice in order led
(*Achilles* firſt) their courſers round the dead;
And thrice their ſorrows and laments renew;
Tears bathe their arms, and tears the ſands bedew.

℣. 18. *Tears bathe their arms, and tears the ſands bedew,*
— — — — Thetis *aids their woe.*]

It is not eaſy to give a reaſon why *Thetis* ſhould be ſaid to excite the grief of the *Myrmidons* and of *Achilles*; it had ſeemed more natural for the mother to have compoſed the ſorrows of the ſon, and reſtored his troubled mind to tranquillity.

But ſuch a procedure would have outraged the character of *Achilles*, who is all along deſcribed to be of ſuch a violence of temper, that he is not eaſy to be pacified at any time, much leſs upon ſo great an incident as the death of his friend *Patroclus*. Perhaps the Poet made uſe of this fiction in honour of *Achilles*; he makes every paſſion of his hero conſiderable, his ſorrow as well as anger is important, and he cannot grieve but a Goddeſs attends him, and a whole army weeps.

Some commentators fancy that *Homer* animates the very ſands of the ſeas, and the arms of the *Myrmidons*, and makes

For ſuch a warriour *Thetis* aids their woe,
Melts their ſtrong hearts, and bids their eyes to flow.
But chief, *Pelides:* thick-ſucceeding ſighs
Burſt from his heart, and torrents from his eyes:
His ſlaught'ring hands, yet red with blood, he laid
On his dead friend's cold breaſt, and thus he ſaid.

them ſenſible of the loſs of *Patroclus*; the preceding words ſeem to ſtrengthen that opinion, becauſe the poet introduces a Goddeſs to raiſe the ſorrow of the army. But *Euſtathius* ſeems not to give into this conjecture, and I think very judiciouſly; for what relation is there between the ſands of the ſhores, and the arms of the *Myrmidons?* It would have been more poetical to have ſaid, the ſands and the rocks, than the ſands and the arms; but it is very natural to ſay, that the ſoldiers wept ſo bitterly, that their armour and the very ſands were wet with their tears. I believe this remark will appear very juſt by reading the verſe, with a comma after τεύχεα, thus:

Δεύονθο ψάμαθοι, δεύονθο δὲ τεύχεα, φωτῶν
Δάκρυσι.

Then the conſtruction will be natural and eaſy, period will anſwer period in the *Greek*, and the ſenſe in *Engliſh* will be, the ſands were wet, and the arms were wet, with the tears of the mourners.

But however this be, there is a very remarkable beauty in the run of theſe verſes in *Homer*, every word has a melancholy cadence, and the Poet has not only made the ſands and the arms, but even his very verſe, to lament with *Achilles*.

℣. 23. *His ſlaught'ring hands, yet red with blood, he laid*
On his dead friend's cold breaſt ——]

I could not paſs by this paſſage without obſerving to my reader the great beauty of this epithet, ἀνδροφόνος. An ordinary

All hail, *Patroclus!* let thy honour'd ghoſt
Hear, and rejoice on *Pluto*'s dreary coaſt;
Behold! *Achilles*' promiſe is compleat;
The bloody *Hector* ſtretch'd before thy feet.
Lo! to the dogs his carcaſe I reſign;
And twelve ſad victims, of the *Trojan* line,
Sacred to vengeance, inſtant, ſhall expire;
Their lives effus'd around thy fun'ral pyre.
Gloomy he ſaid, and (horrible to view)
Before the bier the bleeding *Hector* threw,
Prone on the duſt. The *Myrmidons* around
Unbrac'd their armour, and the ſteeds unbound.
All to *Achilles*' ſable ſhip repair,
Frequent and full, the genial feaſt to ſhare.
Now from the well-fed ſwine black ſmokes aſpire,
The briſtly victims hiſſing o'er the fire:

poet would have contented himſelf with ſaying, he laid his hand upon the breaſt of *Patroclus*; but *Homer* knows how to raiſe the moſt trivial circumſtance, and by adding this one word, he laid his *deadly* hands, or his *murderous* hands, he fills our minds with great ideas, and by a ſingle epithet recalls to our thoughts all the noble atchievements of *Achilles* through the *Iliad*.

℣. 25. *All hail*, Patroclus, *&c.*] There is in this apoſtrophe of *Achilles* to the ghoſt of *Patroclus*, a ſort of ſavageneſs, and a mixture of ſoftneſs and atrocity, which are highly conformable to his character. *Dacier*.

The huge ox bellowing falls; with feebler cries
Expires the goat; the ſheep in ſilence dies.
Around the hero's proſtrate body flow'd
In one promiſcuous ſtream, the reeking blood.
And now a band of *Argive* Monarchs brings
The glorious victor to the King of Kings.
From his dead friend the penſive warriour went,
With ſteps unwilling, to the regal tent.
Th' attending heralds, as by office bound,
With kindled flames the tripod-vaſe ſurround;
To cleanſe his conqu'ring hands from hoſtile gore,
They urg'd in vain; the chief refus'd, and ſwore.
No drop ſhall touch me, by almighty *Jove!*
The firſt and greateſt of the Gods above!
'Till on the pyre I place thee; 'till I rear
The graſſy mound, and clip thy ſacred hair.
Some eaſe at leaſt thoſe pious rites may give,
And ſoothe my ſorrows, while I bear to live.

℣. 51. *To cleanſe his conqu'ring hands* ——
— — — *The chief refus'd* ——]

This is conformable to the cuſtom of the Orientals: *Achilles* will not be induced to waſh, and afterwards retires to the ſea-ſhore, and ſleeps on the ground. It is juſt thus that *David* mourns in the ſcriptures; he refuſes to waſh, or to take any repaſt, but retires from company, and lies upon the earth.

Howe'er, reluctant as I am, I ſtay,
And ſhare your feaſt; but, with the dawn of day,
(O King of men!) it claims thy royal care,
That *Greece* the warriour's fun'ral pile prepare.
And bid the foreſts fall: (ſuch rites are paid
To heroes ſlumb'ring in eternal ſhade)
Then, when his earthly part ſhall mount in fire,
Let the leagu'd ſquadrons to their poſts retire.
He ſpoke; they hear him, and the word obey;
The rage of hunger and of thirſt allay,
Then eaſe in ſleep the labours of the day.
But great *Pelides*, ſtretch'd along the ſhore,
Where daſh'd on rocks the broken billows roar,
Lies inly groaning; while on either hand
The martial *Myrmidons* confus'dly ſtand.
Along the graſs his languid members fall,
Tir'd with his chaſe around the *Trojan* wall;
Huſh'd by the murmurs of the rolling deep,
At length he ſinks in the ſoft arms of ſleep.

When lo! the ſhade, before his cloſing eyes,
Of ſad *Patroclus* roſe, or ſeem'd to riſe;
In the ſame robe he living wore, he came;
In ſtature, voice, and pleaſing look, the ſame.
The form familiar hover'd o'er his head,
And ſleeps *Achilles* (thus the phantom ſaid)
Sleeps my *Achilles*, his *Patroclus* dead?
Living, I ſeem'd his deareſt, tend'reſt care,
But now forgot, I wander in the air.
Let my pale corſe the rites of burial know,
And give me ent'rance in the realms below:
'Till then, the ſpirit finds no reſting place,
But here and there th' unbody'd ſpectres chaſe
The vagrant dead around the dark abode,
Forbid to croſs th' irremeable flood.

ỳ. 78. *The ghoſt of* Patroclus.] *Homer* has introduced into the former parts of the poem the perſonages of Gods and Goddeſſes from heaven, and of Furies frem hell: he has embelliſhed it with ornaments from earth, ſea, and air; and he here opens a new ſcene, and brings to the view a ghoſt, the ſhade of the departed friend. By theſe methods he diverſifies his poem with new and ſurpriſing circumſtances, and awakens the attention of the reader; at the ſame he very poetically adapts his language to the circumſtances of this imaginary *Patroclus*, and teaches us the opinions that prevailed in his time, concerning the ſtate of ſeparate ſouls.

ỳ. 92. *Forbid to croſs th' irremeable flood.*] It was the common opinion of the ancients, that the ſouls of the departed

Now give thy hand; for to the farther ſhore
When once we paſs, the ſoul returns no more:

were not admitted into the number of the happy till their bodies had received the funeral rites; they ſuppoſed thoſe that wanted them wandered an hundred years before they were wafted over the infernal river; *Virgil* perhaps had this paſſage of *Homer* in his view in the ſixth *Æneis*, at leaſt he coincides with his ſentiments concerning the ſtate of the departed ſouls.

" Hæc omnis, quam cernis inops inhumataque turba eſt:
" Nec ripas datur horrendas, nec rauca fluenta
" Tranſportare priùs, quam ſedibus oſſa quierunt;
" Centum errant annos, volitantque hæc littora circùm;
" Tum demum admiſſi ſtagna exoptata reviſunt."

It was during this interval between death and the rites of funeral, that they ſuppoſed the only time allowed for ſeparate ſpirits to appear to men; therefore *Patroclus* here tells his friend,

——— To the farther ſhore
When once we paſs, the ſoul returns no more.

For the fuller underſtanding of *Homer*, it is neceſſary to be acquainted with his notion of the ſtate of the ſoul after death: he followed the philoſophy of the *Ægyptians*, who ſuppoſed man to be compounded of three parts, an intelligent mind, a vehicle for that mind, and a body; the mind they call φρὴν, or ψυχὴ, the vehicle εἴδωλον, *image* or *ſoul*, and the groſs body σῶμα. The ſoul, in which the mind was lodged, was ſuppoſed exactly to reſemble the body in ſhape, magnitude, and features; for this being in the body, as the ſtatue in its mold, ſo ſoon as it goes forth is properly the image of that body in which it was encloſed: this it was that appeared to *Achilles*, with the full reſemblance of his friend *Patroclus*. *Vid. Dacier's Life of Pythagoras*, p. 71.

When once the laſt funereal flames aſcend,
No more ſhall meet *Achilles* and his friend;
No more our thoughts to thoſe we lov'd make known;
Or quit the deareſt, to converſe alone.
Me fate has ſever'd from the ſons of earth,
The fate fore-doom'd that waited from my birth:
Thee too it waits; before the *Trojan* wall
Ev'n great and god-like thou, art doom'd to fall.
Hear then; and as in fate and love we join,
Ah ſuffer that my bones may reſt with thine!

℣. 104. *Ah ſuffer that my bones may reſt with thine.*] There is ſomething very pathetical in this whole ſpeech of *Patroclus*; he begins it with kind reproaches, and blames *Achilles* with a friendly tenderneſs; he recounts to him the inſeparable affection that had been between them in their lives, and makes it his laſt requeſt, that they may not be parted even in death, but that their bones may reſt in the ſame urn. The ſpeech itſelf is of a due length; it ought not to be very ſhort, becauſe this apparition is an incident entirely different from any other in the whole poem, and conſequently the reader would not have been ſatisfied with a curſory mention of it; neither ought it to be long, becauſe this would have been contrary to the nature of ſuch apparitions, whoſe ſtay upon earth has ever been deſcribed as very ſhort, and conſequently they cannot be ſuppoſed to uſe many words.

The circumſtance of being buried in the ſame urn, is entirely conformable to the eaſtern cuſtom: there are innumerable inſtances in the ſcriptures of great perſonages being bu-

Together have we liv'd; together bred,
One houſe receiv'd us, and one table fed;
That golden urn, thy goddeſs-mother gave,
May mix our aſhes in one common grave.

And is it thou? (he anſwers) to my ſight
Once more return'ſt thou from the realms of night?
Oh more than brother! Think each office paid,
Whate'er can reſt a diſcontented ſhade;
But grant one laſt embrace, unhappy boy!
Afford at leaſt that melancholy joy.

He ſaid, and with his longing arms eſſay'd
In vain to graſp the viſionary ſhade;
Like a thin ſmoke he ſees the ſpirit fly,
And hears a feeble lamentable cry.
Confus'd he wakes; amazement breaks the bands
Of golden ſleep, and ſtarting from the ſands,
Penſive he muſes with uplifted hands.

'Tis true, 'tis certain; man tho' dead, retains
Part of himſelf; th' immortal mind remains:

ried with their fathers: ſo *Joſeph* would not ſuffer his bones to reſt in *Ægypt*, but commands his brethren to carry them into *Canaan*, to the burying-place of his father *Jacob*.

The form ſubſiſts without the body's aid,
Aërial ſemblance, and an empty ſhade!

ỳ. 124. *The form ſubſiſts without the body's aid,*
Aërial ſemblance, and an empty ſhade.]

The words of *Homer* are,

Ἀτὰρ φρένες ἐκ ἔνι πάμπαν.

In which there ſeems to be a great difficulty; it being not eaſy to explain how *Achilles* can ſay that the Ghoſt of his friend had no underſtanding, when it had but juſt made ſuch a rational and moving ſpeech; eſpecially when the poet introduces the apparition with the very ſhape, air, and voice of *Patroclus*.

But this paſſage will be clearly underſtood, by explaining the notion which the ancients entertained of the ſouls of the departed, according to the fore-cited triple diviſion of *mind*, *image*, and *body*. They imagined that the ſoul was not only ſeparated from the body at the hour of the death, but that there was a farther ſeparation of the φρὴν, or underſtanding, from its εἴδωλον, or vehicle; ſo that while the εἴδωλον, or image of the body, was in hell, the φρὴν, or underſtanding might be in heaven: and that this is a true explication, is evident from a paſſage in the *Odyſſey*, book xi. ỳ. 600.

Τὸν δὲ μετ', εἰσενόησα βίην Ἡρακληείην,
Εἴδωλον· αὐτὸς δὲ μετ' ἀθανάτοισι θεοῖσι
Τέρπεται ἐν θαλίης, καὶ ἔχει καλλίσφυρον Ἥβην.

Now I the ſtrength of *Hercules behold*,
A tow'ring ſpectre of gigantick mold;
A ſhadowy form! for high in heav'n's abodes
Himſelf reſides, a God among the Gods:
There in the bright aſſemblies of the ſkies
He *Nectar* quaffs, and *Hebe* crowns his joys.

By this it appears that *Homer* was of opinion that *Hercules* was in heaven, while his εἴδωλον, or image, was in hell: ſo

This night my friend, ſo late in battle loſt,
Stood at my ſide, a penſive, plaintive ghoſt;
Ev'n now familiar, as in life, he came,
Alas! how diff'rent! yet how like the ſame!
Thus while he ſpoke, each eye grew big with tears:
And now the roſy-finger'd morn appears,
Shews ev'ry mournful face with tears o'erſpread,
And glares on the pale viſage of the dead.
But *Agamemnon*, as the rites demand,
With mules and waggons ſends a choſen band
To load the timber, and the pile to rear;
A charge conſign'd to *Merion*'s faithful care.

that when this ſecond ſeparation is made, the image or vehicle becomes a mere thoughtleſs form.

We have this whole doctrine very diſtinctly delivered by *Plutarch* in theſe words: "Man is a compound ſubject; "but not of two parts, as is commonly believed, becauſe the "*underſtanding* is generally accounted a part of the *ſoul*; "whereas indeed it as far exceeds the ſoul, as the ſoul is di- "viner than the body. Now the ſoul, when compounded "with the underſtanding, makes reaſon; and when com- "pounded with the body, paſſion: whereof the one is the "ſource or principle of pleaſure or pain, the other of vice "or virtue. Man therefore properly dies two deaths; the "firſt makes him two of three, and the ſecond makes him "one of two." Plutarch, *of the face in the moon.*

With proper inſtruments they take the road,
Axes to cut, and ropes to ſling the load.
Firſt march the heavy mules, ſecurely ſlow,
O'er hills, o'er dales, o'er crags, o'er rocks they go:

℣. 141. *O'er hills, o'er dales, o'er crags, o'er rocks they go —*
On all ſides 'round the Foreſt hurls her oaks Headlong —]

The numbers in the original of this whole paſſage are admirably adapted to the images the verſes convey to us. Every ear muſt have felt the propriety of ſound in this Line,

Πολλὰ δ' ἄναντα, κάταντα, πάραντά τε, δόχμιά τ' ἦλθον.

The other in its kind is no leſs exact,

Τάμνον ἐπειγόμενοι, ταὶ δὲ μεγάλα ἰλυπέεσσαι.
Πίπτον ——

Dionyſius of *Halicarnaſſus* has collected many inſtances of theſe ſorts of beauties in *Homer*. This deſcription of felling the foreſts, ſo excellent as it is, is comprehended in a few lines, which has left room for a larger and more particular one in *Statius*, one of the beſt (I think) in that author.

" — — — Cadit ardua fagus,
" Chaoniumque nemus, brumæque illæſa cupreſſus;
" Procumbunt piceæ, flammis alimenta ſupremis,
" Ornique, iliceæque trabes, metuandaque ſulco
" Taxus, & infandos belli potura cruores
" Fraxinus, atque ſitu non expugnabile robur:
" Hinc audax abies, & odoro vulnere pinus
" Scinditur, acclinant intonſa cacumina terræ
" Alnus amica fretis, nec inhoſpita vitibus ulmus, &c."

I the rather cite this fine paſſage, becauſe I find it copied by two of the greateſt poets of our own nation, *Chaucer* and *Spenſer*. The firſt in the *Aſſembly of Fowls*, the ſecond in his *Fairy Queen*, *lib.* i.

Jumping, high o'er the ſhrubs of the rough ground,
Rattle the clatt'ring cars, and the ſhockt axles bound.
But when arriv'd at *Ida*'s ſpreading woods,
(Fair *Ida*, water'd with deſcending floods)
Loud ſounds the ax, redoubling ſtrokes on ſtrokes;
On all ſides round the Foreſt hurls her oaks
Headlong. Deep-echoing groan the thickets brown;
Then ruſtling, crackling, craſhing, thunder down.
The wood the *Grecians* cleave, prepar'd to burn;
And the ſlow mules the ſame rough road return.
The ſturdy woodmen equal burdens bore
(Such charge was giv'n 'em) to the ſandy ſhore;
There on the ſpot which great *Achilles* ſhow'd,
They eas'd their ſhoulders, and diſpos'd the load;

The ſailing pine, the cedar proud and tall,
The vine-prop elm, the poplar never dry,
The builder oak, ſole king of foreſts all,
The aſpin good for ſtaves, the cypreſs funeral.
The laurel, meed of mighty conquerors,
And poets ſage: the fir that weepeth ſtill,
The willow, worn of forlorn paramours,
The yew obedient to the bender's will,
The birch for ſhafts, the ſallow for the mill,
The myrrh, ſweet-bleeding in the bitter wound,
The warlike beech, the aſh for nothing ill,
The fruitful olive, and the plantane round,
The carver holme, the maple ſeldom inward ſound.

Circling around the place, where times to come
Shall view *Patroclus'* and *Achilles'* tomb.
The hero bids his martial troops appear
High on their cars in all the pomp of war;
Each in refulgent arms his limbs attires,
All mount their chariots, Combatants and Squires.
The chariots firſt proceed, a ſhining train;
Then clouds of foot that ſmoke along the plain;
Next theſe the melancholy band appear,
Amidſt, lay dead *Patroclus* on the bier:
O'er all the corſe their ſcatter'd locks they throw;
Achilles next, oppreſt with mighty woe,

ỳ. 160. *Each in refulgent arms*, &c.] It is not to be ſuppoſed that this was a general cuſtom uſed at all funerals; but *Patroclus* being a warriour, he is buried like a ſoldier, with military honours. *Euſtathius.*

ỳ. 166. *O'er all the corſe their ſcatter'd locks they throw.*] The ceremony of cutting off the hair in honour of the dead, was practiſed not only among the *Greeks*, but alſo among other nations; thus *Statius Thebaid* VI.

" — — — Tergoque & pectore fuſam
" *Cæſariem* ferro minuit, ſectiſque jacentis
" Obnubit tenuia ora comis."

This cuſtom is taken notice of in holy ſcripture: *Ezekiel* deſcribing a great lamentation, ſays, *They ſhall make themſelves utterly bald for thee*, ch. xxvii. ỳ. 31. I believe it was done not only in token of ſorrow, but perhaps had a concealed

Supporting with his hands the hero's head,
Bends o'er th' extended body of the dead.
Patroclus decent on the appointed ground
They place, and heap the silvan pile around.

meaning, that as the hair was cut from the head, and was never more to be joined to it, so was the dead for ever cut off from the living, never more to return.

I must observe that this ceremony of cutting off the hair was not always in token of sorrow; *Lycophron* in his *Cassandra*, ỳ. 976. describing a general lamentation, says,

Κρατὸς δ' ἄκουρος νῶτα καλλύνει φόβη.

A length of unshorn hair adorn'd their backs.

And that the ancients sometimes had their hair cut off in token of *joy*, is evident from *Juvenal*, *Sat.* xii. ỳ. 82.

" — — Gaudent ibi vertice raso
" Garrula securi narrare pericula nautæ."

This seeming contradiction will be solved by having respect to the different practices of different nations. If it was the general custom of any country to wear long hair, then the cutting it off was a token of sorrow; but if it was the custom to wear short hair, then the letting it grow long and neglecting it, shewed that such people were mourners.

ỳ. 168. *Supporting with his hands the hero's head.*] *Achilles* follows the corpse as chief mourner, and sustains the head of his friend: this last circumstance seems to be general; thus *Euripides* in the funeral of *Rhesus*, ỳ. 886.

Τίς ὑπὲρ κεφαλῆς θεὸς, ὦ Βασιλεῦ,
Τὸν νεόδμητον ἐν χερεῖν
Φοράδην πέμπει;

What God, O king, with his hands supports the head of the deceased?

But great *Achilles* ſtands apart in pray'r,
And from his head divides the yellow hair;
Thoſe curling locks which from his youth vow'd,
And ſacred grew, to *Sperchius'* honour'd flood:
Then ſighing, to the deep his looks he caſt,
And roll'd his eyes around the wat'ry waſte.

Sperchius! whoſe waves in mazy errours lo
Delightful roll along my native coaſt!
To whom we vainly vow'd, at our return,
Theſe locks to fall, and hecatombs to burn:
Full fifty rams to bleed in ſacrifice,
Where to the day thy ſilver fountain riſe,

ỳ. 175. *And ſacred grew, to* Sperchius' *honour'd flood.*] It the cuſtom of the ancients not only to offer their own h but likewiſe to conſecrate that of their children to the ri gods of their country. This is what *Pauſanias* ſhews in *Atticks: Before you paſs the* Cephiſa (ſays he) *you find the of* Theodorus, *who was the moſt excellent actor of his time tragedy; and on the banks you ſee two ſtatues, one of* Mneſi chus, *and the other of his ſon, who cut off his hair in ho of the rivers; for that this was in all ages the cuſtom of* Greeks, *may be inferred from* Homer's *poetry, where* Pe *promiſes by a ſolemn vow to conſecrate to the river* Sperchiu *hair of his ſon, if he returns ſafe from the* Trojan *war.* cuſtom was likewiſe in *Ægypt*, where *Philoſtratus* tells that *Memnon* conſecrated his hair to the *Nile*. This pra of *Achilles* was imitated by *Alexander* at the funeral of *He ſtion*. *Spondanus*.

And where in ſhade of conſecrated bow'rs
Thy altars ſtand, perfum'd with native flow'rs!
So vow'd my father, but he vow'd in vain;
No more *Achilles* ſees his native plain;
In that vain hope theſe hairs no longer grow,
Patroclus bears them to the ſhades below.
Thus o'er *Patroclus* while the hero pray'd,
On his cold hand the ſacred lock he laid.
Once more afreſh the *Grecian* ſorrows flow:
And now the Sun had ſet upon their woe;
But to the King of Men thus ſpoke the Chief.
Enough *Atrides!* give the troops relief:
Permit the mourning legions to retire,
And let the chiefs alone attend the pyre;
The pious care be ours, the dead to burn ——
He ſaid: the people to their ſhips return:
While thoſe deputed to interr the ſlain:
Heap with a riſing pyramid the plain.
A hundred foot in length, a hundred wide,
The growing ſtructure ſpreads on ev'ry ſide;
High on the top the manly corſe they lay,
And well-fed ſheep, and ſable oxen ſlay:

Achilles cover'd with their fat the dead,
And the pil'd victims round the body ſpread;
Then jars of honey, and of fragrant oil,
Suſpends around, low-bending o'er the pile.
Four ſprightly courſers, with a deadly groan
Pour forth their lives, and on the pyre are thrown.
Of nine large dogs, domeſtick at his board,
Fall two, ſelected to attend their Lord.
Then laſt of all, and horrible to tell,
Sad ſacrifice! twelve *Trojan* captives fell.
On theſe the rage of fire victorious preys,
Involves and joins them in one common blaze.
Smear'd with the bloody rites, he ſtands on high,
And calls the ſpirit with a dreadful cry.
All hail, *Patroclus!* let thy vengeful ghoſt
Hear, and exult on *Pluto*'s dreary coaſt.
Behold, *Achilles*' promiſe fully paid,
Twelve *Trojan* heroes offer'd to thy ſhade;
But heavier fates on *Hector*'s corſe attend,
Sav'd from the flames, for hungry dogs to rend.
So ſpake he, threat'ning: but the Gods made vain
His threat, and guard inviolate the ſlain:

Celeſtial *Venus* hover'd o'er his head,
And roſeate unguents, heav'nly fragrance! ſhed:
She watch'd him all the night, and all the day,
And drove the bloodhounds from their deſtin'd prey.
Nor ſacred *Phœbus* leſs employ'd his care;
He pour'd around a veil of gather'd air,
And kept the nerves undry'd, the fleſh entire,
Againſt the ſolar beam and *Sirian* fire.
Nor yet the pile where dead *Patroclus* lies,
Smokes, nor as yet the ſullen flames ariſe;
But, faſt beſide, *Achilles* ſtood in pray'r,
Invok'd the Gods whoſe ſpirit moves the air,

℣. 228. *Celeſtial* Venus, &c.] *Homer* has here introduced a *ſeries* of allegories in the compaſs of a few lines: the body of *Hector* may be ſuppoſed to continue beautiful even after he was ſlain; and *Venus* being the preſident of beauty, the Poet by a natural fiction tells us it was preſerved by that goddeſs.

Apollo's covering the body with a cloud is a very natural allegory: for the ſun (ſays *Euſtathius*) has a double quality which produces contrary effects; the heat of it cauſes a dryneſs, but at the ſame time it exhales the vapours of the earth, from whence the clouds of heaven are formed. This allegory may be founded upon truth; there might happen to be a cool ſeaſon while *Hector* lay unburied, and *Apollo*, or the ſun, raiſing clouds which intercept the heat of his beams, by a very eaſy fiction in poetry may be introduced in perſon to preſerve the body of *Hector*.

And victims promis'd, and libations caſt,
To gentle *Zephyr* and the *Boreal* blaſt:
He call'd, th' aerial pow'rs, along the ſkies
To breathe, and whiſper to the fires to riſe.
The winged *Iris* heard the hero's call,
And inſtant haſten'd to their airy hall,
Where, in old *Zephyr*'s open courts on high,
Sat all the bluſt'ring brethren of the ſky.
She ſhone amidſt them, on her painted bow;
The rocky pavement glitter'd with the ſhow.
All from the banquet riſe, and each invites
The various Goddeſs to partake the rites.
Not ſo, (the dame reply'd) I haſte to go
To ſacred Ocean, and the floods below:
Ev'n now our ſolemn hecatombs attend,
And heav'n is feaſting, on the world's green end,
With righteous *Æthiops* (uncorrupted train!)
Far on th' extremeſt limits of the main.
But *Peleus*' ſon intreats, with ſacrifice,
The *Weſtern Spirit*, and the *North* to riſe;
Let on *Patroclus*' pile your blaſt be driv'n,
And bear the blazing honours high to heav'n.

Swift as the word ſhe vaniſh'd from their view;
Swift as the word the winds tumultuous flew;

℣. 263. *The allegory of the winds.*] A poet ought to expreſs nothing vulgarly; and ſure no poet ever treſpaſſed leſs againſt this rule than *Homer*; the fruitfulneſs of his invention is continually raiſing incidents new and ſurpriſing. Take this paſſage out of its poetical dreſs, and it will be no more than this: a ſtrong gale of wind blew, and ſo increaſed the flame that it ſoon conſumed the pile. But *Homer* introduces the Gods of the winds in perſon: and *Iris*, or the rainbow, being (as *Euſtathius* obſerves) a ſign not only of ſhowers, but of winds; he makes them come at her ſummons.

Every circumſtance is well adapted. As ſoon as the winds ſee *Iris*, they riſe; that is, when the rainbow appears, the wind riſes: ſhe refuſes to ſit, and immediately returns; that is, the rainbow is never ſeen long at one time, but ſoon appears, and ſoon vaniſhes: ſhe returns over the ocean; that is, the bow is compoſed of waters, and it would have been an unnatural fiction to have deſcribed her as paſſing by land.

The winds are all together in the cave of *Zephyrus*, which may imply that they were there as at their general rendezvous; or that the nature of all the winds is the ſame; or that the weſtern wind is in that country the moſt conſtant, and conſequently it may be ſaid that at ſuch ſeaſons all the winds are aſſembled in one corner, or rendezvous with *Zephyrus*.

Iris will not enter the cave: it is the nature of the rainbow to be ſtretched entirely upon the ſurface, and therefore this fiction is agreeable to reaſon.

When *Iris* ſays that the Gods are partaking hecatombs in *Æthiopia*, it is to be remembered that the Gods are repreſented there in the firſt book, before the ſcenes of war were opened: and now they are cloſed, they return thither. *Euſtathius.* —— Thus *Homer* makes the anger of his hero ſo important, that it rouſed heaven to arms, and now when it is almoſt appeaſed, *Achilles* as it were gives peace to the Gods.

Forth burſt the ſtormy band with thund'ring roar,
And heaps on heaps the clouds are toſt before.
To the wide main then ſtooping from the ſkies,
The heaving deeps in wat'ry mountains riſe:
Troy feels the blaſt along her ſhaking walls,
'Till on the pile the gather'd tempeſt falls.
The ſtructure crackles in the roaring fires,
And all the night the plenteous flame aſpires.
All night *Achilles* hails *Patroclus'* ſoul,
With large libation from the golden bowl.
As a poor father, helpleſs and undone,
Mourns o'er the aſhes of an only ſon,
Takes a ſad pleaſure the laſt bones to burn,
And pour in tears, e'er yet they cloſe the urn:
So ſtay'd *Achilles*, circling round the ſhore,
So watch'd the flames, 'till now they flame no more.
'Twas when, emerging thro' the ſhades of night,
The morning planet told th' approach of light;
And faſt behind, *Aurora's* warmer ray
O'er the broad ocean pour'd the golden day:

Then ſunk the blaze, the pile no longer burn'd,
And to their caves the whiſtling winds return'd:
Acroſs the *Thracian* ſeas their courſe they bore;
The ruffled ſeas beneath their paſſage roar.

Then parting from the pile he ceas'd to weep,
And ſunk to quiet in th' embrace of ſleep,
Exhauſted with his grief: meanwhile the croud
Of thronging *Grecians* round *Achilles* ſtood;
The tumult wak'd him: from his eyes he ſhook
Unwilling ſlumber, and the chiefs beſpoke.

Ye Kings and Princes of the *Achaian* name!
Firſt let us quench the yet remaining flame
With ſable wine; then, (as the rites direct,)
The hero's bones with careful view ſelect:
(Apart, and eaſy to be known they lie
Amidſt the heap, and obvious to the eye:
The reſt around the margins will be ſeen
Promiſcuous, ſteeds, and immolated men)
Theſe wrapt in double cawls of fat, prepare;
And in the golden vaſe diſpoſe with care;
There let them reſt with decent honour laid,
'Till I ſhall follow to th' infernal ſhade.

Meantime erect the tomb with pious hands,
A common ſtructure on the humble ſands;
Hereafter *Greece* ſome nobler work may raiſe,
And late poſterity record our praiſe.
The *Greeks* obey; where yet the embers glow,
Wide o'er the pile the ſable wine they throw,
And deep ſubſides the aſhy heap below.
Next the white bones his ſad companions place
With tears collected, in the golden vaſe.
The ſacred relicks to the tent they bore;
The urn a veil of linen cover'd o'er.
That done, they bid the ſepulchre aſpire,
And caſt the deep foundations round the pyre;
High in the midſt they heap the ſwelling bed
Of riſing earth, memorial of the dead.
The ſwarming populace the Chief detains,
And leads amidſt a wide extent of plains;

℣. 308. *Hereafter* Greece *a nobler pile ſhall raiſe.*] We ſee how *Achilles* conſults his own glory; the deſire of it prevails over his tenderneſs for *Patroclus*, and he will not permit any man, not even his beloved *Patroclus*, to ſhare an equality of honour with himſelf, even in the grave. *Euſtathius.*

℣. 321. *The games for* Patroclus.] The conduct of *Homer* in inlarging upon the games at the funeral of *Patroclus* is very judicious: there had undoubtedly been ſuch honours paid to

There plac'd 'em round: then from the ſhips pro-
ceeds
A train of oxen, mules, and ſtately ſteeds,
Vaſes and Tripods, (for the fun'ral games,)
Reſplendent braſs, and more reſplendent dames.
Firſt ſtood the prizes to reward the force
Of rapid racers in the duſty courſe:

ſeveral heroes during this war, as appears from a paſſage in the ninth book, where *Agamemnon* to enhance the value of the horſes which he offers *Achilles*, ſays, that any perſon would be rich that had treaſures equal to the value of the prizes they had won; which races muſt have been run during the ſiege: for had they been before it, the horſes would now have been too old to be of any value, this being the tenth year of the war. But the poet paſſes all thoſe games over in ſilence, and reſerves them for this ſeaſon; not only in honour of *Patroclus*, but alſo of his hero *Achilles*; who exhibits games to a whole army; great generals are candidates for the prizes, and he himſelf ſits the judge and arbitrator: thus in peace as well as war the poet maintains the ſuperiority of the character of *Achilles*.

But there is another reaſon why the poet deferred to relate any games that were exhibited at any preceding funerals: the death of *Patroclus* was the moſt eminent period; and conſequently the moſt proper time for ſuch games.

It is farther obſervable, that he chuſes this peculiar time with great judgment. When the fury of the war raged, the army could not well have found leiſure for the games, and they might have met with interruption from the enemy: but *Hector* being dead, all *Troy* was in confuſion: they are in too great a conſternation to make any attempts, and therefore the poet could not poſſibly have choſen a more happy opportunity. *Euſt.*

A woman for the firſt, in beauty's bloom,
Skill'd in the needle, and the lab'ring loom;
And a large vaſe, where two bright handles riſe,
Of twenty meaſures its capacious ſize.
The ſecond victor claims a mare unbroke,
Big with a mule, unknowing of the yoke;
The third, a charger yet untouch'd by flame;
Four ample meaſures held the ſhining frame:
Two golden talents for the fourth were plac'd;
An ample double bowl contents the laſt.
Theſe in fair order rang'd upon the plain,
The hero, riſing, thus addreſt the train.
Behold the prizes, valiant *Greeks!* decreed
To the brave rulers of the racing ſteed;
Prizes which none beſide ourſelf could gain,
Should our immortal courſers take the plain;
(A race unrivall'd, which from Ocean's God
Peleus receiv'd, and on his ſon beſtow'd.)
But this no time our vigour to diſplay;
Nor ſuit, with them, the games of this ſad day:

Loſt is *Patroclus* now, that wont to deck
Their flowing manes, and ſleek their gloſſy neck.
Sad, as they ſhar'd in human grief, they ſtand,
And trail thoſe graceful honours on the ſand!
Let others for the noble taſk prepare,
Who truſt the courſer, and the flying car.
Fir'd at his word, the rival racers riſe;
But far the firſt, *Eumelus* hopes the prize,
Fam'd thro' *Pieria* for the fleeteſt breed,
And ſkill'd to manage the high-bounding ſteed.
With equal ardour bold *Tydides* ſwell'd,
The ſteeds of *Tros* beneath his yoke compell'd,

℣. 349. *Loſt is* Patroclus *now*, &c.] I am not ignorant that *Homer* has frequently been blamed for ſuch little digreſſions as theſe; in this paſſage he gives us the genealogy of his horſes, which he has frequently told us in the preceding part of the poem. But *Euſtathius* juſtifies his conduct, and ſays that it was very proper to commend the virtue of theſe horſes upon this occaſion, when horſes were to contend for victory: at the ſame time he takes an opportunity to make an honourable mention of his friend *Patroclus*, in whoſe honour theſe games were exhibited.

'It may be added as a farther juſtification of *Homer*, that this laſt circumſtance is very natural; *Achilles*, while he commends his horſes, remembers how careful *Patroclus* had been of them: his love for his friend is ſo great, that the minuteſt circumſtance recalls him to his mind; and ſuch little digreſſions, ſuch avocations of thought as theſe, very naturally proceed from the overflows of love and ſorrow.

(Which late obey'd the *Dardan* chief's command,
When ſcarce a God redeem'd him from his hand.)
Then *Menelaüs* his *Podargus* brings,
And the fam'd courſer of the King of Kings:
Whom rich *Echepolus*, (more rich than brave)
To 'ſcape the wars, to *Agamemnon* gave,
(*Æthe* her name) at home to end his days;
Baſe wealth preferring to eternal praiſe.
Next him *Antilochus* demands the courſe,
With beating heart, and chears his *Pylian* horſe.

ỳ. 365. *Whom rich* Echepolus, &c.] One would think that *Agamemnon* might be accuſed of avarice, in diſpenſing with a man from going to the war for the ſake of a horſe; but *Ariſtotle* very well obſerves, that this prince is praiſe-worthy for having preferred a horſe to a perſon ſo cowardly, and ſo uncapable of ſervice. It may be alſo conjectured from this paſſage, that even in thoſe elder times it was the cuſtom, that thoſe who were willing to be excuſed from the war, ſhould give either a horſe or man, and often both. Thus *Scipio* going to *Africa*, ordered the *Sicilians* either to attend him, or to give him horſes or men: and *Ageſilaus* being at *Epheſus* and wanting cavalry, made a proclamation, that the rich men who would not ſerve in the war ſhould be diſpenſed with, provided they furniſhed a man and a horſe in their ſtead: in which, ſays *Plutarch*, he wiſely followed the example of king *Agamemnon*, who excuſed a very rich coward from ſerving in perſon, for a preſent of a good mare. *Euſtathius*. *Dacier*.

Experienc'd *Neſtor* gives his ſon the reins,
Directs his judgment, and his heat reſtrains;
Nor idly warns the hoary ſire, nor hears
The prudent ſon with unattending ears.
My ſon! tho' youthful ardour fire thy breaſt,
The Gods have lov'd thee, and with arts have bleſt,
Neptune and *Jove* on thee conferr'd the ſkill,
Swift round the goal to turn the flying wheel.
To guide thy conduct, little precept needs;
But ſlow, and paſt their vigour, are my ſteeds.

℣. 371. *Experienc'd* Neſtor, *&c.*] The poet omits no opportunity of paying honour to his old favourite *Neſtor*, and I think he is no where more particularly complimented than in this book. His age had diſabled him from bearing any ſhare in the games; and yet he artfully introduces him not as a mere ſpectator, but as an actor in the ſports. Thus he as it were wins the prize for *Antilochus*; *Antilochus* wins not by the ſwiftneſs of his horſes, but by the wiſdom of *Neſtor*.

This fatherly tenderneſs is wonderfully natural: we ſee him in all imaginable inquietude and concern for his ſon; he comes to the barrier, ſtands beſide the chariot, animates his ſon by his praiſes, and directs him by his leſſons: you think the old man's ſoul mounts on the chariot with his *Antilochus*, to partake the ſame dangers, and run the ſame career.

Nothing can be better adapted to the character than this ſpeech; he expatiates upon the advantages of wiſdom over ſtrength, which is a tacit compliment to himſelf: and had there been a prize for wiſdom, undoubtedly the old man would have claimed it as his right. *Euſtathius*.

Fear not thy rivals, tho' for ſwiftneſs known;
Compare thoſe rivals judgment, and thy own:
It is not ſtrength, but art, obtains the prize,
And to be ſwift is leſs than to be wiſe.
'Tis more by art, than force of num'rous ſtrokes,
The dext'rous woodman ſhapes the ſtubborn oaks;
By art the pilot, thro' the boiling deep
And howling tempeſt, ſteers the fearleſs ſhip;
And 'tis the artiſt wins the glorious courſe,
Not thoſe, who truſt in chariots, and in horſe.
In vain; unſkilful, to the goal they ſtrive,
And ſhort, or wide, th' ungovern'd courſer drive:
While with ſure ſkill, tho' with inferiour ſteeds,
The knowing racer to his end proceeds;
Fix'd on the goal his eye fore-runs the courſe,
His hand unerring ſteers the ſteady horſe,
And now contracts, or now extends the rein,
Obſerving ſtill the foremoſt on the plain.
Mark then the goal, 'tis eaſy to be found;
Yon' aged trunk, a cubit from the ground;
Of ſome once ſtately oak the laſt remains,
Or hardy fir, unperiſh'd with the rains:

Inclos'd with ſtones, conſpicuous from afar;
And round, a circle for the wheeling car.
(Some tomb perhaps of old, the dead to grace;
Or then, as now, the limit of a race)
Bear cloſe to this, and warily proceed,
A little bending to the left hand ſteed;
But urge the right, and give him all the reins;
While thy ſtrict hand his fellow's head reſtrains,
And turns him ſhort; 'till, doubling as they roll,
The wheel's round naves appear to bruſh the goal.
Yet (not to break the car, or lame the horſe)
Clear of the ſtony heap direct the courſe;
Leſt thro' incaution failing, thou may'ſt be
A joy to others, a reproach to me.
So ſhalt thou paſs the goal, ſecure of mind,
And leave unſkilful ſwiftneſs far behind:
Tho' thy fierce rival drove the matchleſs ſteed
Which bore *Adraſtus*, of celeſtial breed;
Or the fam'd race, thro' all the regions known,
That whirl'd the car of proud *Laomedon*.

Thus, (nought unſaid) the much-adviſing ſage
Concludes; then ſat, ſtiff with unwieldy age.

Next bold *Meriones* was ſeen to riſe,
The laſt, but not leaſt ardent for the prize.
They mount their ſeats; the lots their place diſpoſe;
(Roll'd in his helmet, theſe *Achilles* throws.)
Young *Neſtor* leads the race: *Eumeles* then;
And next the brother of the King of men:

℣. 327. *The lots their place diſpoſe.*] According to theſe lots the charioteers took their places; but to know whether they ſtood all in an equal front, or one behind another, is a difficulty: *Euſtathius* ſays the ancients were of opinion that they did not ſtand in one front; becauſe it is evident that he who had the firſt lot, had a great advantage of the other charioteers: if he had not, why ſhould *Achilles* caſt lots? Madam *Dacier* is of opinion that they all ſtood a-breaſt at the barrier, and that the firſt would ſtill have a ſufficient advantage, as he was nearer the bound, and ſtood within the reſt; whereas the others muſt take a larger circle, and conſequently were forced to run a greater compaſs of ground. *Phœnix* was placed as an inſpector of the race, that is, ſays *Euſtathius*, he was to make report whether they had obſerved the laws of the race in their ſeveral turnings.

Sophocles obſerves the ſame method with *Homer* in relation to the lots and inſpectors, in his *Electra*.

—— Οἱ τέταγμένοι βραβεῖς
Κλήροις ἔπελαν καὶ κατέστησαν δίφρον.

The conſtituted judges aſſigned the places according to the lots.

The ancients ſay that the charioteers ſtarted at the *Sigæum*, where the ſhips of *Achilles* lay, and ran towards the *Rhæteum*, from the ſhips towards the ſhores. But *Ariſtarchus* affirmed that they run in the compaſs of ground thoſe five *ſtadia*, which lay between the wall and the tents toward the ſhore. *Euſtathius*.

Thy lot, *Meriones*, the fourth was caſt;
And far the braveſt, *Diomêd*, was laſt.
They ſtand in order an impatient train;
Pelides points the barrier on the plain,
And ſends before old *Phœnix* to the place,
To mark the racers, and to judge the race.
At once the courſers from the barrier bound;
The lifted ſcourges all at once reſound;
Their heart, their eyes, their voice, they ſend before;
And up the champaign thunder from the ſhore:
Thick, where they drive, the duſty clouds ariſe,
And the loſt courſer in the whirlwind flies;
Looſe on their ſhoulders the long manes, reclin'd,
Float in their ſpeed, and dance upon the wind:
The ſmoking chariots, rapid as they bound,
Now ſeem to touch the ſky, and now the ground.
While hot for fame, and conqueſt all their care,
(Each o'er his flying courſer hung in air)
Erect with ardour, pois'd upon the rein,
They pant, they ſtretch, they ſhout along the plain.

Now, (the laſt compaſs fetch'd around the goal)
At the near prize each gathers all his ſoul,
Each burns with double hope, with double pain,
Tears up the ſhore, and thunders tow'rd the main.
Firſt flew *Eumelus* on *Pheretian* ſteeds;
With thoſe of *Tros*, bold *Diomed* ſucceeds:
Cloſe on *Eumelus'* back they puff the wind,
And ſeem juſt mounting on his car behind;
Full on his neck he feels the ſultry breeze,
And hov'ring o'er, their ſtretching ſhadows ſees.
Then had he loſt, or left a doubtful prize;
But angry *Phœbus* to *Tydides* flies,
Strikes from his hand the ſcourge, and renders vain
His matchleſs horſes labour on the plain.
Rage fills his eye with anguiſh, to ſurvey
Snatch'd from his hope, the glories of the day.

℣. 458. *And ſeem juſt mounting on his car behind.*] A more natural image than this could not be thought of. The poet makes us ſpectators of the race, we ſee *Diomed* preſſing upon *Eumelus* ſo cloſely, that his chariot ſeems to climb the chariot of *Eumelus*.

℣. 465. *Rage fills his eye with anguiſh, to ſurvey*, &c.] We have ſeen *Diomed* ſurrounded with innumerable dangers, acting in the moſt perilous ſcenes of blood and death, yet never

The fraud celeſtial *Pallas* ſees with pain,
Springs to her Knight, and gives the ſcourge again
And fills his ſteeds with vigour. At a ſtroke,
She breaks his rival's chariot from the yoke;
No more their way the ſtartled horſes held;
The car revers'd came rattling on the field;
Shot headlong from his ſeat, beſide the wheel,
Prone on the duſt th' unhappy maſter fell;
His batter'd face and elbows ſtrike the ground;
Noſe, mouth and front, one undiſtinguiſh'd wound:

ſhed one tear: and now he weeps on a ſmall occaſion, for a mere trifle. This muſt be aſcribed to the nature of mankind, who are often tranſported with trifles; and there are certain unguarded moments in every man's life; ſo that he who could meet the greateſt dangers with intrepidity, may through anger be betrayed into an Indecency. *Euſtathius.*

The reaſon why *Apollo* is angry at *Diomed*, according to *Euſtathius*, is becauſe he was intereſted for *Eumelus*, whoſe mares he had fed, when he ſerved *Admetus*; but I fancy he is under a miſtake: this indeed is a reaſon why he ſhould favour *Eumelus*, but not why he ſhould be angry at *Diomed*. I rather think that the quarrel of *Apollo* with *Diomed* was perſonal: becauſe he offered him a violence in the fifth book, and *Apollo* ſtill reſents it.

The fiction of *Minerva*'s aſſiſting *Diomed* is grounded upon his being ſo wiſe as to take a couple of whips to prevent any miſchance: ſo that *Wiſdom*, or *Pallas*, may be ſaid to lend him one. *Euſtathius.*

Grief ſtops his voice, a torrent drowns his eyes;
Before him far the glad *Tydides* flies;
Minerva's ſpirit drives his matchleſs pace,
And crowns him victor of the labour'd race.
The next, tho' diſtant, *Menelaüs* ſucceeds;
While thus young *Neſtor* animates his ſteeds.
Now, now, my gen'rous pair, exert your force;
Not that we hope to match *Tydides*' horſe,
Since great *Minerva* wings their rapid way,
And gives their Lord the honours of the day.
But reach *Atrides!* ſhall his mare out-go
Your ſwiftneſs? vanquiſh'd by a female foe?
Thro' your neglect, if lagging on the plain
The laſt ignoble gift be all we gain;
No more ſhall *Neſtor*'s hand your food ſupply,
The old man's fury riſes, and ye die.

y. 483. *The ſpeech of* Antilochus *to his horſes.*] I fear *Antilochus* his ſpeech to his horſes is blameable; *Euſtathius* himſelf ſeems to think it a fault that he ſhould ſpeak ſo much in the very heat of the race. He commands and ſoothes, counſels and threatens his horſes, as if they were reaſonable creatures. The ſubſequent ſpeech of *Menelaus* is more excuſable as it is more ſhort, but both of them are ſpoken in a paſſion, and anger we know makes us ſpeak to every thing, and we diſcharge it upon the moſt ſenſeleſs objects.

Haſte then; yon' narrow road, before our ſight
Preſents th' occaſion, could we uſe it right.
Thus he. The courſers at their maſter's threat
With quicker ſteps the ſounding champain beat.
And now *Antilochus* with nice ſurvey,
Obſerves the compaſs of the hollow way.
'Twas where by force of wint'ry torrents torn,
Faſt by the road a precipice was worn:
Here, where but one could paſs, to ſhun the throng
The *Spartan* hero's chariot ſmok'd along.
Cloſe up the vent'rous youth reſolves to keep,
Still edging near, and bears him tow'rd the ſteep.
Atrides, trembling caſts his eye below,
And wonders at the raſhneſs of his foe.
Hold, ſtay your ſteeds—What madneſs thus to ride
This narrow way; take larger field (he cry'd)
Or both muſt fall—*Atrides* cry'd in vain;
He flies more faſt, and throws up all the rein.
Far as an able arm the diſk can ſend,
When youthful rivals their full force extend,
So far, *Antilochus!* thy chariot flew
Before the King: he, cautious, backward drew

His horſe compell'd; foreboding in his fears
The rattling ruin of the claſhing cars,
The flound'ring courſers rolling on the plain,
And conqueſt loſt thro' frantick haſte to gain.
But thus upbraids his rival as he flies;
Go, furious youth! ungen'rous and unwiſe!
Go, but expect not I'll the prize reſign;
Add perjury to fraud, and make it thine.—
Then to his ſteeds with all his force he cries;
Be ſwift, be vig'rous, and regain the prize!
Your rivals, deſtitute of youthful force,
With fainting knees ſhall labour in the courſe,
And yield the glory yours.—The ſteeds obey;
Already at their heels they wing their way,
And ſeem already to retrieve the day.
Meantime the *Grecians* in a ring beheld
The courſers bounding o'er the duſty field.
The firſt who mark'd them was the *Cretan* King;
High on a riſing ground, above the ring,
The Monarch ſat: from whence with ſure ſurvey
He well obſerv'd the chief who led the way,

And heard from far his animating cries,
And ſaw the foremoſt ſteed with ſharpen'd eyes;
On whoſe broad front, a blaze of ſhining white
Like the full moon, ſtood obvious to the ſight.
He ſaw; and riſing, to the *Greeks* begun.
Are yonder horſe diſcern'd by me alone?
Or can ye, all, another chief ſurvey,
And other ſteeds, than lately led the way?
Thoſe, tho' the ſwifteſt, by ſome God with-held,
Lie ſure diſabled in the middle field:
For ſince the goal they doubled, round the plain
I ſearch to find them, but I ſearch in vain.
Perchance the reins forſook the driver's hand,
And, turn'd too ſhort, he tumbled on the ſtrand,
Shot from the chariot; while his courſers ſtray
With frantick fury from the deſtin'd way.
Riſe then ſome other, and inform my ſight,
(For theſe dim eyes, perhaps, diſcern not right)
Yet ſure he ſeems, (to judge by ſhape and air,)
The great *Ætolian* chief, renown'd in war.
Old man! (*Oïleus* raſhly thus replies)
Thy tongue too haſtily confers the prize;

Of thoſe who view the courſe, not ſharpeſt ey'd,
Nor youngeſt, yet the readieſt to decide.
Eumelus' ſteeds high-bounding in the chace,
Still, as at firſt, unrivall'd lead the race:
I well diſcern him, as he ſhakes the rein,
And hear his ſhouts victorious o'er the plain.
Thus he. *Idomeneus* incens'd rejoin'd.
Barb'rous of words! and arrogant of mind!

℣. 565. *The diſpute between* Idomeneus *and* Ajax.] Nothing could be more naturally imagined than this contention at a horſe-race: the leaders were divided into parties, and each was intereſted for his friend: the poet had a two-fold deſign, not only to embelliſh and diverſify his poem by ſuch natural circumſtances, but alſo to ſhew us, as *Euſtathius* obſerves, from the conduct of *Ajax*, that paſſionate men betray themſelves into follies, and are themſelves guilty of the faults of which they accuſe others.

It is with a particular decency that *Homer* makes *Achilles* the arbitrator between *Idomeneus* and *Ajax*: *Agamemnon* was his ſuperiour in the army, but as *Achilles* exhibited the ſhows, he was the proper judge of any difference that ſhould ariſe about them. Had the conteſt been between *Ajax* and *Idomeneus*, conſidered as ſoldiers, the cauſe muſt have been brought before *Agamemnon*; but as they are to be conſidered as ſpectators of the games, they ought to be determined by *Achilles*.

It may not be unneceſſary juſt to obſerve to the reader the judiciouſneſs of *Homer*'s conduct in making *Achilles* exhibit the games, and not *Agamemnon*: *Achilles* is the hero of the poem, and conſequently muſt be the chief actor in all the great ſcenes of it: he had remained inactive during a great

Contentious Prince, of all the *Greeks* beſide
The laſt in merit, as the firſt in pride:
To vile reproach what anſwer can we make?
A Goblet or a Tripod let us ſtake,
And be the King the Judge. The moſt unwiſe
Will learn their raſhneſs, when they pay the price.

He ſaid: and *Ajax* by mad paſſion borne,
Stern had reply'd; fierce ſcorn enhancing ſcorn
To fell extremes. But *Thetis'* god-like ſon
Awful amidſt them roſe, and thus begun.

Forbear, ye chiefs! reproachful to contend;
Much would ye blame, ſhould others thus offend:
And lo! th' approaching ſteeds your conteſt end.
No ſooner had he ſpoke, but thund'ring near,
Drives, thro' a ſtream of duſt, the charioteer.

part of the poem, yet the poet makes his very inactivity contribute to the carrying on the deſign of his *Ilias:* and to ſupply his abſence from many of the buſy ſcenes of the preceding parts of it, he now in the concluſion makes him almoſt the ſole agent; by theſe means he leaves a noble idea of his hero upon the mind of his reader; as he raiſed our expectations when he brought him upon the ſtage of action, ſo he makes him go off with the utmoſt pomp and applauſe.

High o'er his head the circling lash he wields;
His bounding horses scarcely touch the fields:
His car amidst the dusty whirlwind roll'd,
Bright with the mingled blaze of tin and gold,
Refulgent thro' the cloud: no eye could find
The track his flying wheels had left behind:
And the fierce coursers urg'd their rapid pace
So swift, it seem'd a flight, and not a race.
Now victor at the goal *Tydides* stands,
Quits his bright car, and springs upon the sands;
From the hot steeds the sweaty torrents stream;
The well-ply'd whip is hung athwart the beam:
With joy brave *Sthenelus* receives the prize,
The tripod-vase, and dame with radiant eyes:
These to the ships his train triumphant leads,
The chief himself unyokes the panting steeds.

ỳ. 581. *High o'er his head the circling lash he wields.*] I am persuaded that the common translation of the word Κατωμαδὸν, in the original of this verse, is faulty: it is rendered, *he lashed the horses continually over the shoulders*; whereas I fancy it should be translated thus, *assiduè* (equos) *agitabat scutica ab humero ducta.* This naturally expresses the very action, and whirl of the whip over the driver's shoulder, in the act of lashing the horses, and agrees with the use of the same word in the 431st line of this book in the original, where ἔρα δίσκῳ κατωμαδίοιο must be translated *jactus disci ab humero vibrati.*

Young *Neſtor* follows (who by art, not force,
O'er-paſt *Atrides*) ſecond in the courſe.
Behind, *Atrides* urg'd the race, more near
Than to the courſer in his ſwift career
The following car, juſt touching with his heel
And bruſhing with his tail the whirling wheel:
Such, and ſo narrow now the ſpace between
The rivals, late ſo diſtant on the green;
So ſoon ſwift *Æthe* her loſt ground regain'd,
One length, one moment, had the race obtain'd.
Merion purſu'd, at greater diſtance ſtill,
With tardier courſers, and inferiour ſkill.
Laſt came, *Admetus!* thy unhappy ſon;
Slow dragg'd the ſteeds his batter'd chariot on:
Achilles ſaw, and pitying thus begun.
Behold! the man whoſe matchleſs art ſurpaſt
The ſons of *Greece!* the ableſt, yet the laſt!
Fortune denies, but juſtice bids us pay
(Since great *Tydides* bears the firſt away)
To him, the ſecond honours of the day.

ỳ. 614. *Fortune denies, but juſtice, &c.*] *Achilles* here intends to ſhew, that it is not juſt, fortune ſhould rule over virtue, but that a brave man who had performed his duty, and who

The *Greeks* conſent with loud applauding cries,
And then *Eumelus* had receiv'd the prize,
But youthful *Neſtor*, jealous of his fame,
Th' award oppoſes, and aſſerts his claim.
Think not (he cries) I tamely will reſign
O *Peleus'* ſon! the mare ſo juſtly mine.
What if the Gods, the ſkilful to confound,
Have thrown the horſe and horſeman to the ground?
Perhaps he ſought not heav'n by ſacrifice,
And vows omitted forfeited the prize.
If yet, (diſtinction to thy friend to ſhow,
And pleaſe a ſoul deſirous to beſtow,)
Some gift muſt grace *Eumelus*; view thy ſtore
Of beauteous handmaids, ſteeds, and ſhining ore,
An ample preſent let him thence receive,
And *Greece* ſhall praiſe thy gen'rous thirſt to give.

did not bring upon himſelf his misfortune, ought to have the recompence he has deſerved: and this principle is juſt, provided we do not reward him at the expence of another's right: *Eumelus* is a *Theſſalian*, and it is probable *Achilles* has a partiality to his countryman. *Dacier*.

But this my prize, I never ſhall forego;
This, who but touches, warriours! is my foe.
Thus ſpake the youth; nor did his words offend;
Pleas'd with the well-turn'd flatt'ry of a friend,
Achilles ſmil'd: the gift propos'd (he cry'd)
Antilochus! we ſhall ourſelf provide.
With plates of braſs the corſelet cover'd o'er,
(The ſame renown'd *Aſteropæus* wore)
Whoſe glitt'ring margins rais'd with ſilver ſhine;
(No vulgar gift) *Eumelus*, ſhall be thine.
He ſaid: *Automedon* at his command
The corſelet brought, and gave it to his hand.
Diſtinguiſh'd by his friend, his boſom glows
With gen'rous joy: then *Menelaüs* roſe;

ỳ. 633. *But this my prize, I never ſhall forego.* ——]. There is an air of bravery in this diſcourſe of *Antilochus*: he ſpeaks with the generoſity of a gallant ſoldier, and prefers his honour to his intereſt; he tells *Achilles* if he pleaſes he may make *Eumelus* a richer preſent than his prize; he is not concerned for the value of it; but as it was the reward of victory, he would not reſign it, becauſe that would be an acknowledgment that *Eumelus* deſerved it.

The character of *Antilochus* is admirably ſuſtained through this whole epiſode; he is a very ſenſible man, but tranſported with youthful heat, and ambitious of glory: his raſhneſs in driving ſo furiouſly againſt *Menelaus* muſt be imputed to this; but his paſſions being gratified by the conqueſt in the race, his reaſon again returns, he owns his error, and is full of reſignation to *Menelaus*.

The herald plac'd the ſceptre in his hands,
And ſtill'd the clamour of the ſhouting bands.
Not without cauſe incens'd at *Neſtor's* ſon,
And inly grieving, thus the King begun:
The praiſe of wiſdom, in thy youth obtain'd;
An act ſo raſh *(Antilochus)* has ſtain'd.
Robb'd of my glory and my juſt reward,
To you, O *Grecians!* be my wrong declar'd:
So not a leader ſhall our conduct blame,
Or judge me envious of a rival's fame.
But ſhall not we, ourſelves, the truth maintain?
What needs appealing in a fact ſo plain?
What *Greek* ſhall blame me, if I bid thee riſe,
And vindicate by oath th' ill-gotten prize?
Riſe if thou dar'ſt, before thy chariot ſtand,
The driving ſcourge high-lifted in thy hand;
And touch thy ſteeds, and ſwear, thy whole intent
Was but to conquer, not to circumvent.

y. 663. *And touch thy ſteeds, and ſwear —*] It is evident, ſays *Euſtathius*, from hence, that all fraud was forbid in this chariot race; but it is not very plain what unlawful deceit *Antilochus* uſed againſt *Menelaus*: perhaps *Antilochus* in his haſte had declined from the race-ground, and avoided ſome of the uneven places of it, and conſequently took an unfair ad-

Swear by that God whoſe liquid arms ſurround
The globe, and whoſe dread earthquakes heave the ground.
The prudent chief with calm attention heard;
Then mildly thus: Excuſe, if youth have err'd;
Superiour as thou art, forgive th' offence,
Nor I thy equal, or in years, or ſenſe.
Thou know'ſt the errors of unripen'd age,
Weak are its counſels, headlong is its rage.
The prize I quit, if thou thy wrath reſign;
The Mare, or aught thou aſk'ſt, be freely thine:
E'er I become (from thy dear friendſhip torn)
Hateful to thee, and to the Gods forſworn.
So ſpoke *Antilochus*; and at the word
The Mare conteſted to the King reſtor'd.
Joy ſwells his ſoul: as when the vernal grain
Lifts the green ear above the ſpringing plain,

vantage of his adverſary; or perhaps his driving ſo furiouſly againſt *Menelaus*, as to endanger both their chariots and their lives, might be reckoned foul play; and therefore *Antilochus* refuſes to take the oath.

℣. 679. *Joy ſwells his ſoul: as when the vernal grain*, &c.] *Euſtathius* is very large in the explication of this ſimilitude, which at the firſt view ſeems obſcure: his words are theſe,

The fields their vegetable life renew,
And laugh and glitter with the morning dew;
Such Joy the *Spartan*'s ſhining face o'erſpread
And lifted his gay heart, while thus he ſaid.

Still may our ſouls, O gen'rous youth! agree,
'Tis now *Atrides*' turn to yield to thee.
Raſh heat perhaps a moment might controul,
Not break, the ſettled temper of thy ſoul.
Not but (my friend) 'tis ſtill the wiſer way
To wave contention with ſuperiour ſway;
For ah! how few, who ſhould like thee offend,
Like thee, have talents to regain the friend?
To plead indulgence, and thy fault atone,
Suffice thy father's merit and thy own:
Gen'rous alike, for me, the ſire and ſon
Have greatly ſuffer'd, and have greatly done.
I yield; that all may know, my ſoul can bend,
Nor is my pride preferr'd before my friend.

As the dew raiſes the blades of corn, that are for want of it weak and depreſſed, and by pervading the pores of the corn animates and makes it flouriſh, ſo did the behaviour of *Antilochus* raiſe the dejected mind of *Menelaus*, exalt his ſpirits, and reſtore him to a full ſatisfaction.

I have given the reader his interpretation, and tranſlated it with the liberty of poetry: it is very much in the language of Scripture, and in the ſpirit of the Orientals.

He ſaid; and, pleas'd his paſſion to command,
Reſign'd the courſer to *Noëman*'s hand,
Friend of the youthful chief: himſelf content,
The ſhining charger to his veſſel ſent.
The golden talents *Merion* next obtain'd;
The fifth reward, the double bowl, remain'd.
Achilles this to rev'rend *Neſtor* bears,
And thus the purpoſe of his gift declares.

Accept thou this, O ſacred ſire! (he ſaid)
In dear memorial of *Patroclus* dead;
Dead, and for ever loſt *Patroclus* lies,
For ever ſnatch'd from our deſiring eyes!
Take thou this token of a grateful heart,
Tho' 'tis not thine to hurl the diſtant dart,

℣. 707. *Accept thou this, O ſacred ſire!*] The poet in my opinion preſerves a great deal of decency towards this old hero and venerable counſellor: he gives him an honorary reward for his ſuperiour wiſdom, and therefore calls it ἄεθλον, and not δῶρον, a prize, and not a preſent. The moral of *Homer* is, that princes ought no leſs to honour and recompenſe thoſe who excel in wiſdom and counſel, than thoſe who are capable of actual ſervice.

Achilles, perhaps, had a double view in paying him this reſpect, not only out of deference to his age, and wiſdom, but alſo becauſe he had in a manner won the prize by the advice he gave his ſon; ſo that *Neſtor* may be ſaid to have conquered in the perſon of *Antilochus*. *Euſtathius*.

The quoit to toſs, the pond'rous mace to weild,
Or urge the race, or wreſtle on the field.
Thy preſent vigour age has overthrown,
But left the glory of the paſt thy own.

He ſaid, and plac'd the goblet at his ſide;
With joy, the venerable King reply'd.

Wiſely and well, my ſon, thy words have prov'd
A ſenior honour'd, and a friend belov'd!

℣. 719. Neſtor's *ſpeech to* Achilles.] This ſpeech is admirably well adapted to the character of *Neſtor*: he aggrandizes, with an infirmity peculiar to age, his own exploits; and one would think *Horace* had him in his eye,

" — — — — Laudator temporis acti
" Se puero" ———

Neither is it any blemiſh to the character of *Neſtor* thus to be a little talkative about his own atchievements: to have deſcribed him otherwiſe, would have been an outrage to human nature, in as much as the wiſeſt man living is not free from the infirmities of man; and as every ſtage of life has ſome imperfection peculiar to itſelf.

— — — — Ὁ μὲν ἔμπεδον ἠνίοχευεν.
— — — — Ἔμπεδον ἠνίοχευ.

The reader may obſerve that the old man takes abundance of pains to give reaſons how his rivals came to be victors in the chariot-race: he is very ſollicitous to make it appear that it was not through any want of ſkill or power in himſelf: and in my opinion *Neſtor* is never more vain-glorious, than in this recital of his own diſappointment.

It is for the ſame reaſon he repeats the words I have cited above: he obtrudes (by that repetition) the diſadvantages un-

Too true it is, deſerted of my ſtrength,
Theſe wither'd arms and limbs have fail'd at length.
Oh! had I now that force I felt of yore,
Known thro' *Buprafium* and the *Pylian* ſhore!
Victorious then in ev'ry ſolemn game,
Ordain'd to *Amarynces'* mighty name;
The brave *Epeians* gave my glory way,
Ætolians, *Pylians*, all reſign the day.

der which he laboured, upon the obſervation of the reader, for fear he ſhould impute the loſs of the victory to his want of ſkill.

Neſtor ſays that theſe *Muliones* overpowered him by their *number*. The criticks, as *Euſtathius* remarks, have laboured hard to explain this difficulty; they tell us a formal ſtory, that when *Neſtor* was ready to enter the liſts againſt theſe brothers, he objected againſt them as unfair adverſaries, (for it muſt be remembered that they were monſters that grew together, and conſequently had four hands to *Neſtor's* two) but the judges would not allow his plea, but determined, that as they grew together, ſo they ought to be conſidered as one man.

Others tell us that they brought ſeveral chariots into the liſts, whoſe charioteers combined together in favour of *Eurytus* and *Cteatus*, theſe brother-monſters.

Others ſay, that the multitude of the ſpectators conſpired to diſappoint *Neſtor*.

I thought it neceſſary to give my reader theſe ſeveral conjectures that he might underſtand why *Neſtor* ſays he was overpowered by πλήθει, or *numbers*; and alſo, becauſe it confirms my former obſervation, that *Neſtor* is very careful to draw his own picture in the ſtrongeſt colours, and to ſhew it in the faireſt light.

I quell'd *Clytomedes* in fights of hand,
And backward hurl'd *Anceus* on the ſand,
Surpaſt *Iphyclus* in the ſwift career,
Phyleus and *Polydorus*, with the ſpear.
The ſons of *Actor* won the prize of horſe,
But won by numbers, not by art or force:
For the fam'd twins, impatient to ſurvey
Prize after prize by *Neſtor* borne away,
Sprung to their car; and with united pains
One laſh'd the courſers, while one rul'd the reins.
Such once I was! Now to theſe taſks ſucceeds
A younger race, that emulate our deeds:
I yield alas! (to age who muſt not yield?)
Tho' once the foremoſt hero of the field.
Go thou, my ſon! by gen'rous friendſhip led,
With martial honours decorate the dead;
While pleas'd I take the gift thy hands preſent,
(Pledge of benevolence, and kind intent)
Rejoic'd, of all the num'rous *Greeks*, to ſee
Not one but honours ſacred age and me:
Thoſe due diſtinctions thou ſo well can'ſt pay,
May the juſt Gods return another day.

Proud of the Gift, thus ſpake the Full of Days:
Achilles heard him, prouder of the praiſe.
The prizes next are order'd to the field,
For the bold champions who the *Cæſtus* wield.
A ſtately mule, as yet by toils unbroke,
Of ſix years age, unconſcious of the yoke,
Is to the *Circus* led, and firmly bound;
Next ſtands a goblet, maſſy, large and round.
Achilles riſing thus: Let *Greece* excite
Two heroes equal to this hardy fight;
Who dare the foe with lifted arms provoke,
And ruſh beneath the long-deſcending ſtroke.
On whom *Apollo* ſhall the palm beſtow,
And whom the *Greeks* ſupreme by conqueſt know,
This mule his dauntleſs labours ſhall repay;
The vanquiſh'd bear the maſſy bowl away.
This dreadful combat great *Epëus* choſe;
High o'er the croud, enormous bulk! he roſe,
And ſeiz'd the beaſt, and thus began to ſay:
Stand forth ſome man, to bear the bowl away!
(Price of his ruin:) for who dares deny
This mule my right; th' undoubted victor I?

Others, 'tis own'd, in fields of battle ſhine,
But the firſt honours of this fight are mine;
For who excels in all? Then let my foe
Draw near, but firſt his certain fortune know,
Secure, this hand ſhall his whole frame confound,
Maſh all his bones, and all his body pound:
So let his friends be nigh, a needful train
To heave the batter'd carcaſe off the plain.
The Giant ſpoke; and in a ſtupid gaze
The hoſt beheld him, ſilent with amaze!
'Twas thou, *Euryalus!* who durſt aſpire
To meet his might, and emulate thy ſire,
The great *Meciſtheus*; who in days of yore
In *Theban* games the nobleſt trophy bore,
(The games ordain'd dead *Oedipus* to grace)
And ſingly vanquiſh'd the *Cadmæan* race.
Him great *Tydides* urges to contend,
Warm with the hopes of conqueſt for his friend;
Officious with the cincture girds him round;
And to his wriſt the gloves of death are bound.
Amid the circle now each champion ſtands,
And poiſes high in air his iron hands;

With claſhing gauntlets now they fiercely cloſe,
Their crackling jaws re-echo to the blows,
And painful ſweat from all their members flows.
At length *Epëus* dealt a weighty blow,
Full on the cheek of his unwary foe;
Beneath that pond'rous arm's reſiſtleſs ſway
Down dropt he, nerveleſs, and extended lay.
As a large fiſh, when winds and waters roar,
By ſome huge billow daſh'd againſt the ſhore,
Lies panting: not leſs batter'd with his wound,
The bleeding hero pants upon the ground.
To rear his fallen foe, the victor lends
Scornful, his hand; and gives him to his friends;
Whoſe arms ſupport him, reeling thro' the throng,
And dragging his diſabled legs along;
Nodding, his head hangs down his ſhoulder o'er;
His mouth and noſtrils pour the clotted gore;
Wrapt round in miſts he lies, and loſt to thought;
His friends receive the bowl, too dearly bought.
The third bold game *Achilles* next demands,
And calls the Wreſtlers to the level ſands:

A maſſy Tripod for the victor lies,
Of twice ſix oxen its reputed price;
And next, the loſer's ſpirits to reſtore,
A female captive, valu'd but at four.
Scarce did the chief the vig'rous ſtrife propoſe,
When tow'r-like *Ajax* and *Ulyſſes* roſe.
Amid the ring each nervous rival ſtands,
Embracing rigid with implicit hands:
Cloſe lock'd above, their heads and arms are mixt;
Below, their planted feet, at diſtance fixt:
Like two ſtrong rafters which the builder forms
Proof to the wint'ry wind and howling ſtorms,

ỳ. 819. *A female captive, valu'd but at four.*] I cannot in civility neglect a remark upon this paſſage by Madam *Dacier*, who highly reſents the affront put upon her Sex by the ancients, who ſet (it ſeems) thrice the value upon a *Tripod* as upon a beautiful female ſlave: nay, ſhe is afraid the value of women is not raiſed even in our days; for ſhe ſays there are curious perſons now living, who had rather have a true antique kettle, than the fineſt woman alive: I confeſs I entirely agree with the lady, and muſt impute ſuch opinions of the fair ſex to want of taſte in both ancients and moderns: the reader may remember that theſe tripods were of no uſe, but made entirely for ſhow; and conſequently the moſt ſatyrical critick could only ſay, the Woman and *Tripod* ought to have borne an equal value.

ỳ. 826. *Like two ſtrong rafters*, &c.] I will give the reader the words of *Euſtathius* upon this ſimilitude, which very happily repreſents the wreſtlers in the poſture of wreſtling.

Their tops connected, but at wider ſpace
Fixt on the center ſtands their ſolid baſe.
Now to the graſp each manly body bends;
The humid ſweat from ev'ry pore deſcends;
Their bones reſound with blows: ſides, ſhoulders, thighs,
Swell to each gripe, and bloody tumours riſe.
Nor could *Ulyſſes*, for his art renown'd,
O'erturn the ſtrength of *Ajax* on the ground;
Nor could the ſtrength of *Ajax* overthrow
The watchful caution of his artful foe.
While the long ſtrife ev'n tir'd the lookers-on,
Thus to *Ulyſſes* ſpoke great *Telamon*.
Or let me lift thee, Chief, or lift thou me:
Prove we our force, and *Jove* the reſt decree.
He ſaid; and ſtraining, heav'd him off the ground
With matchleſs ſtrength; that time *Ulyſſes* found
The ſtrength t'evade, and where the nerves combine
His ankle ſtruck: the Giant fell ſupine;

Their heads leaned one againſt the other, like the rafters that ſupport the roof of a houſe; at the foot they are disjointed, and ſtand at a greater diſtance, which naturally paints the attitude of body in theſe two wreſtlers, while they contend for victory.

Ulyſſes following, on his boſom lies;
Shouts of applauſe run rattling thro' the ſkies.
Ajax to lift, *Ulyſſes* next eſſays,
He barely ſtirr'd him, but he could not raiſe:
His knee lock'd faſt, the foe's attempt deny'd;
And grappling cloſe, they tumbled ſide by ſide.
Defil'd with honourable duſt, they roll,
Still breathing ſtrife, and unſubdu'd of ſoul:
Again they rage, again to combat riſe;
When great *Achilles* thus divides the prize.
Your nobler vigour, oh my friends, reſtrain;
Nor weary out your gen'rous ſtrength in vain.

ỳ. 849. *He barely ſtirr'd him, but he could not raiſe.*] The poet by this circumſtance excellently maintains the character of *Ajax*, who has all along been deſcribed as a ſtrong, unweildy warriour: he is ſo heavy, that *Ulyſſes* can ſcarce lift him. The words that follow will bear a different meaning, either that *Ajax* locked his leg within that of *Ulyſſes*, or that *Ulyſſes* did it. *Euſtathius* obſerves, that if *Ajax* gave *Ulyſſes* this ſhock, then he may be allowed to have ſome appearance of an equality in the conteſt; but if *Ulyſſes* gave it, then *Ajax* muſt be acknowledged to have been foiled: but (continues he) it appeared to be otherwiſe to *Achilles*, who was the judge of the field, and therefore he gives them an equal prize, becauſe they were equal in the conteſt.

Madam *Dacier* miſrepreſents *Euſtathius* on this place, in ſaying he thinks it was *Ulyſſes* who gave the ſecond ſtroke to *Ajax*, whereas it appears by the foregoing note that he rather determines otherwiſe in conſent with the judgment given by *Achilles*.

Ye both have won: let others who excel,
Now prove that proweſs you have prov'd ſo well.
The hero's words the willing chiefs obey,
From their tir'd bodies wipe the duſt away,
And, cloth'd anew, the following games ſurvey.
And now ſucceed the gifts ordain'd to grace
The youths contending in the rapid race.
A ſilver urn that full ſix meaſures held,
By none in weight or workmanſhip excell'd:
Sidonian artiſts taught the frame to ſhine,
Elaborate, with artifice divine;
Whence *Tyrian* ſailors did the prize tranſport,
And gave to *Thoas* at the *Lemnian* port:
From him deſcended good *Eunæus* heir'd
The glorious gift; and, for *Lycaon* ſpar'd,
To brave *Patroclus* gave the rich reward.
Now, the ſame hero's funeral rites to grace,
It ſtands the prize of ſwiftneſs in the race.
A well-fed Ox was for the ſecond plac'd;
And half a talent muſt content the laſt.

Achilles riſing then beſpoke the train:
Who hope the palm of ſwiftneſs to obtain,
Stand forth, and bear theſe prizes from the plain.

The hero ſaid, and ſtarting from his place,
Oïlean Ajax riſes to the race;
Ulyſſes next; and he whoſe ſpeed ſurpaſt
His youthful equals, *Neſtor*'s ſon the laſt.
Rang'd in a line the ready racers ſtand;
Pelides points the barrier with his hand;
All ſtart at once; *Oïleus* led the race;
The next *Ulyſſes*, meaſ'ring pace with pace;
Behind him, diligently cloſe, he ſped,
As cloſely following as the running thread
The ſpindle follows, and diſplays the charms
Of the fair ſpinſter's breaſt, and moving arms;
Graceful in motion thus, his foe he plies,
And treads each footſtep e'er the duſt can riſe:
His glowing breath upon his ſhoulders plays;
Th' admiring *Greeks* loud acclamations raiſe,
To him they give their wiſhes, hearts, and eyes,
And ſend their ſouls before him as he flies,

Now three times turn'd in proſpect of the goal,
The panting chief to *Pallas* lifts his ſoul:
Aſſiſt, O Goddeſs! (thus in thought he pray'd)
And preſent at his thought, deſcends the Maid.
Buoy'd by her heav'nly force, he ſeems to ſwim,
And feels a pinion lifting ev'ry limb.
All fierce, and ready now the prize to gain,
Unhappy *Ajax* ſtumbles on the plain;
(O'erturn'd by *Pallas*) where the ſlipp'ry ſhore
Was clogg'd with ſlimy dung, and mingled gore.
(The ſelf-ſame place beſide *Patroclus'* pyre,
Where late the ſlaughter'd victims fed the fire)
Beſmear'd with filth, and blotted o'er with clay,
Obſcene to ſight, the rueful racer lay;
The well-fed bull (the ſecond prize) he ſhar'd,
And left the urn *Ulyſſes'* rich reward.

ỳ. 901. *Aſſiſt, O Goddeſs! (thus in thought he pray'd.)*] Nothing could be better adapted to the preſent circumſtance of *Ulyſſes* than this prayer: it is ſhort, and ought to be ſo, becauſe the time would not allow him to make a longer; nay he prefers this petition mentally, ὃν κατὰ θυμὸν; all his faculties are ſo bent upon the race, that he does not call off his attention from it, even to ſpeak ſo ſhort a petition as ſeven words, which comprehend the whole of it: ſuch paſſages as theſe are inſtances of great judgment in the poet.

Then, graſping by the horn the mighty beaſt,
The baffled hero thus the *Greeks* addreſt.
Accurſed fate! the conqueſt I forego;
A mortal I, a Goddeſs was my foe;
She urg'd her fav'rite on the rapid way,
And *Pallas*, not *Ulyſſes*, won the day.
Thus ſourly wail'd he, ſputt'ring dirt and gore,
A burſt of laughter echo'd thro' the ſhore.
Antilochus, more hum'rous than the reſt,
Takes the laſt prize, and takes it with a jeſt.
Why with our wiſer elders ſhould we ſtrive?
The Gods ſtill love them, and they always thrive.
Ye ſee, to *Ajax* I muſt yield the prize:
He to *Ulyſſes*, ſtill more aged and wiſe;
(A green old age unconſcious of decays,
That proves the hero born in better days!)
Behold his vigour in this active race!
Achilles only boaſts a ſwifter pace:

¶. 924. *And takes it with a jeſt.*] *Antilochus* comes off very well, and wittily prevents raillery; by attributing the victory of his rivals to the protection which the Gods gave to age. By this he inſinuates, that he has ſomething to comfort himſelf with; (for youth is better than the prize) and that he may pretend hereafter to the ſame protection, ſince it is a privilege of ſeniority. *Dacier.*

For who can match *Achilles?* He who can,
Muſt yet be more than hero, more than man.
Th' effect ſucceeds the ſpeech. *Pelides* cries,
Thy artful praiſe deſerves a better prize.
Nor *Greece* in vain ſhall hear thy friend extoll'd;
Receive a talent of the pureſt gold.
The youth departs content. The hoſt admire
The ſon of *Neſtor*, worthy of his ſire.
Next theſe a buckler, ſpear and helm, he brings;
Caſt on the plain, the brazen burthen rings:
Arms, which of late divine *Sarpedon* wore,
And great *Patroclus* in ſhort triumph bore.
Stand forth the braveſt of our hoſt! (he cries)
Whoever dares deſerve ſo rich a prize,

℣. 933. *For who can match* Achilles?] There is great art in theſe tranſient compliments to *Achilles*: that hero could not poſſibly ſhew his own ſuperiority in theſe games by contending for any of the prizes, becauſe he was the exhibiter of the ſports: but *Homer* has found out a way to give him the victory in two of them. In the chariot-race *Achilles* is repreſented as being able to conquer every opponent, and though he ſpeaks it himſelf, the poet brings it in ſo happily, that he ſpeaks it without any indecency: and in this place *Antilochus* with a very good grace tells *Achilles*, that in the foot-race no one can diſpute the prize with him. Thus though *Diomed* and *Ulyſſes* conquer in the chariot and foot-race, it is only becauſe *Achilles* is not their antagoniſt.

Now grace the lifts before our army's fight,
And fheath'd in fteel, provoke his foe to fight.
Who firft the jointed armour fhall explore,
And ftain his rival's mail with iffuing gore;
The fword, *Afteropæus* poffeft of old,
(A *Thracian* blade, diftinct with ftuds of gold)
Shall pay the ftroke, and grace the ftriker's fide:
Thefe arms in common let the chiefs divide:
For each brave champion, when the combat ends,
A fumptuous banquet at our tent attends.

Fierce at the word, uprofe great *Tydeus'* fon,
And the huge bulk of *Ajax Telamon*.

℣. 949. *Who firft the jointed armour fhall explore.*] Some of the ancients have been fhocked at this combat, thinking it a barbarity that men in fport fhould thus contend for their lives; and therefore *Ariftophanes* the *Grammarian* made this alteration in the verfes;

Ὁππότερός κεν πρῶτος ἐπιγράψας χρόα καλὸν
Φθήῃ ἐπευξάμενος· διὰ δ' ἴλια, &c.

But it is evident that they entirely miftook the meaning and intention of *Achilles*; for he that gave the firft wound was to be accounted the victor. How could *Achilles* promife to entertain them both in his tent after the combat, if he intended that one of them fhould fall in it? This duel therefore was only a trial of fkill, and as fuch fingle combats were frequent in the wars of thofe ages againft adverfaries, fo this was propofed only to fhew the dexterity of the combatants in that exercife. *Euftathius.*

Clad in refulgent ſteel, on either hand,
The dreadful chiefs amid the circle ſtand:
Low'ring they meet, tremendous to the ſight;
Each *Argive* boſom beats with fierce delight.
Oppos'd in arms not long they idly ſtood,
But thrice they clos'd, and thrice the charge renew'd.
A furious paſs the ſpear of *Ajax* made
Thro' the broad ſhield, but at the corſlet ſtay'd:
Not thus the foe: his jav'lin aim'd above
The buckler's margin, at the neck he drove.
But *Greece* now trembling for her hero's life,
Bade ſhare the honours, and ſurceaſe the ſtrife.
Yet ſtill the victor's due *Tydides* gains,
With him the ſword and ſtudded belt remains.

℣. 971. *Yet ſtill the victor's due* Tydides *gains.*] *Achilles* in this place acts the part of a very juſt arbitrator: though the combat did not proceed to a full iſſue, yet *Diomed* had evidently the advantage, and conſequently ought to be rewarded as victor, becauſe he would have been victorious, had not the *Greeks* interpoſed.

I could have wiſhed that the poet had given *Ajax* the prize in ſome of theſe conteſts. He undoubtedly was a very gallant ſoldier, and has been deſcribed as repulſing a whole army: yet in all theſe ſports he is foiled. But perhaps the poet had a double view in this repreſentation, not only to ſhew, that ſtrength without conduct is uſually unſucceſsful, but alſo his deſign might be to compliment the *Greeks* his countrymen;

Then hurl'd the hero, thund'ring on the ground
A maſs of iron, (an enormous round)
Whoſe weight and ſize the circling *Greeks* admire,
Rude from the furnace, and but ſhap'd by fire.
This mighty Quoit *Aëtion* wont to rear,
And from his whirling arm diſmiſs in air:
The Giant by *Achilles* ſlain, he ſtow'd
Among his ſpoils this memorable load.
For this, he bids thoſe nervous artiſts vie,
That teach the diſk to ſound along the ſky.
Let him whoſe might can hurl this bowl, ariſe,
Who fartheſt hurls it, take it as his prize:
If he be one, enrich'd with large domain
Of downs for flocks, and arable for grain,

by ſhewing that this *Ajax*, who had repelled a whole army of *Trojans*, was not able to conquer any one of the *Grecian* worthies: for we find him overpowered in three of theſe exerciſes.

℣. 985. *If he be one, enrich'd*, &c.] The poet in this place ſpeaks in the ſimplicity of ancient times: the prodigious weight and ſize of the Quoit is deſcribed with a noble plainneſs, peculiar to the Oriental way, and agreeable to the manners of thoſe heroick ages. He does not ſet down the quantity of this enormous piece of iron, neither as to its bigneſs nor weight, but as to the uſe it will be of to him who ſhall gain it. We ſee from hence, that the ancients in the prizes they propoſed, had in view not only the honourable, but the uſeful; a captive for work, a bull for tillage, a quoit for the proviſion

Small ſtock of iron needs that man provide;
His hinds and ſwains whole years ſhall be ſupply'd
From hence: nor aſk the neighb'ring city's aid,
For ploughſhares, wheels, and all the rural trade.
Stern *Polypœtes* ſtept before the throng,
And great *Leonteus*, more than mortal ſtrong;
Whoſe force with rival forces to oppoſe,
Uproſe great *Ajax*; up *Epëus* roſe.
Each ſtood in order: firſt *Epëus* threw;
High o'er the wond'ring crouds the whirling circle flew.
Leonteus next a little ſpace ſurpaſt,
And third, the ſtrength of god-like *Ajax* caſt.
O'er both their marks it flew; 'till fiercely flung
From *Polypœtes'* arm, the *Diſcus* ſung:
Far, as a ſwain his whirling ſheephook throws,
That diſtant falls among the grazing cows,
So paſt them all the rapid circle flies:
His friends (while loud applauſes ſhake the ſkies)
With force conjoin'd heave off the weighty prize.

of iron. Beſides, it muſt be remembered, that in thoſe times iron was very ſcarce; and a ſure ſign of this ſcarcity, is, that their arms were braſs. *Euſtathius. Dacier.*

Thoſe, who in ſkilful archery contend,
He next invites the twanging bow to bend:
And twice ten axes caſts amidſt the round,
(Ten double-edg'd, and ten that ſingly wound.)
The maſt, which late a firſt-rate galley bore,
The hero fixes in the ſandy ſhore:
To the tall top a milk-white dove they tie,
The trembling mark at which their arrows fly.
Whoſe weapon ſtrikes yon' flutt'ring bird, ſhall bear
Theſe two-edg'd axes, terrible in war;
The ſingle, he, whoſe ſhaft divides the cord.
He ſaid: experienc'd *Merion* took the word;
And ſkilful *Teucer*: in the helm they threw
Their lots inſcrib'd, and forth the latter flew.
Swift from the ſtring the ſounding arrow flies;
But flies unbleſt! No grateful ſacrifice,
No firſtling lambs, unheedful! didſt thou vow
To *Phœbus*, patron of the ſhaft and bow.
For this, thy well-aim'd arrow, turn'd aſide,
Err'd from the dove, yet cut the cord that ty'd:
A-down the main-maſt fell the parted ſtring,
And the free bird to heav'n diſplays her wing:

Seas, ſhores, and ſkies with loud applauſe reſound,
And *Merion* eager meditates the wound:
He takes the bow, directs the ſhaft above,
And following with his eye the ſoaring dove,

ỳ. 1030. *He takes the bow.*] There having been many editions of *Homer*, that of *Marſeilles* repreſents theſe two rivals in archery as uſing two bows in the conteſt; and reads the verſes thus,

Σπερχόμενος δ' ἄρα Μηριόνης ἐπίθη κατ' ὄϊστὸν
Τόξῳ ἐν γὰρ χερσὶν ἔχε σάλας, ὡς ἴθυνεν.

Our common editions follow the better alteration of *Antimachus*, with this only difference, that he reads it

Ἐξείρυσε Τεύκρος τόξον. And they, Ἐξείρυσε χειρὸς τόξον.

It is evident that theſe archers had but one bow, as they that threw the quoit had but one quoit; by theſe means the one had no advantage over the other, becauſe both of them ſhot with the ſame bow. So that the common reading is undoubtedly the beſt, where the lines ſtand thus,

Σπερχόμενος δ' ἄρα Μηριόνης ἐξείρυσε χειρὸς or Τεύκρος
Τόξον, ἀτὰρ δὴ ὄϊστον ἔχε σάλας ὡς ἴθυνεν. *Euſtathius.*

This *Teucer* is the moſt eminent man for archery of any through the whole *Iliad*, yet he is here excelled by *Meriones:* and the poet aſcribes his miſcarriages to the neglect of invoking *Apollo*, the God of archery; whereas *Meriones*, who invokes him, is crowned with ſucceſs. There is an excellent moral in this paſſage, and the poet would teach us, that without addreſſing to heaven we cannot ſucceed: *Meriones* does not conquer becauſe he is the better archer, but becauſe he is the better man.

Implores the God to ſpeed it thro' the ſkies,
With vows of firſtling lambs, and grateful ſacrifice.
The dove, in airy circles as ſhe wheels,
Amid the clouds the piercing arrow feels;
Quite thro' and thro' the point its paſſage found,
And at his feet fell bloody to the ground.
The wounded bird, e'er yet ſhe breath'd her laſt,
With flagging wings alighted on the maſt,
A moment hung, and ſpread her pinions there,
Then ſudden dropt, and left her life in air.
From the pleas'd croud new peals of thunder riſe,
And to the ſhips brave *Merion* bears the prize.
To cloſe the fun'ral games, *Achilles* laſt
A maſſy ſpear amid the circle plac'd,
And ample charger of unſullied frame,
With flow'rs high-wrought, not blacken'd yet by flame.
For theſe he bids the heroes prove their art,
Whoſe dext'rous ſkill directs the flying dart.

Here too great *Merion* hopes the noble prize;
Nor here diſdain'd the King of men to riſe.
With joy *Pelides* ſaw the honour paid,
Roſe to the Monarch, and reſpectful ſaid.
Thee firſt in virtue, as in pow'r ſupreme,
O King of Nations! all thy *Greeks* proclaim;

ỳ. 1051. *Nor here diſdain'd the King of men to riſe.*] There is an admirable conduct in this paſſage; *Agamemnon* never contended for any of the former prizes, though of much greater value; ſo that he is a candidate for this, only to honour *Patroclus* and *Achilles*. The decency which the poet uſes both in the choice of the game, in which *Agamemnon* is about to contend, and the giving him the prize without a conteſt, is very remarkable: the game was a warlike exerciſe, fit for the general of an army; the giving him the prize without a conteſt is a decency judiciouſly obſerved, becauſe no one ought to be ſuppoſed to excel the general in any military art: *Agamemnon* does juſtice to his own character, for whereas he had been repreſented by *Achilles* in the opening of the poem as a covetous perſon, he now puts in for the prize that is of the leaſt value, and generouſly gives even that to *Talthybius*. *Euſtathius*.

As to this laſt particular, of *Agamemnon*'s preſenting the charger to *Talthybius*, I cannot but be of a different opinion. It had been an affront to *Achilles* not to have accepted of his preſent on this occaſion, and I believe the words of *Homer*,

Ταλθυβίῳ κήρυκι δίδου περικαλλὲς ἄεθλον,

mean no more, than that he put it into the hands of this herald to carry it to his ſhips; *Talthybius* being by his office an attendant upon *Agamemnon*.

In every martial game thy worth atteſt,
And know thee both their greateſt, and their beſt.
Take then the prize, but let brave *Merion* bear
This beamy jav'lin in thy brother's war.
Pleas'd from the hero's lips his praiſe to hear,
The King to *Merion* gives the brazen ſpear:
But, ſet apart for ſacred uſe, commands
The glitt'ring charger to *Talthybius'* hands.

A COMPARISON between the GAMES of HOMER and VIRGIL.

IT will be expected I ſhould here ſay ſomething tending to a compariſon between the games of *Homer* and thoſe of *Virgil*. If I may own my private opinion, there is in general more variety of natural incidents, and a more lively picture of natural paſſions, in the games and perſons of *Homer*. On the other hand, there ſeems to me more art, contrivance, gradation, and a greater pomp of verſe in thoſe of *Virgil*. The *chariot-race* is that which *Homer* has moſt laboured, of which *Virgil* being ſenſible, he judiciouſly avoided the imitation of what he could not improve, and ſubſtituted in its place the *naval-courſe*, or *ſhip-race*. It is in this the *Roman* poet has employed all his force, as if on ſet purpoſe to rival his great maſter; but it is extremely obſervable how conſtantly he keeps *Homer* in his eye, and is afraid to depart from his very track, even when he had varied the ſubject itſelf. Accordingly the accidents of the naval courſe have a ſtrange reſemblance with thoſe of *Homer*'s chariot-race. He could not forbear at the very be-

ginning to draw a part of that deſcription into a ſimile. Do not we ſee he has *Homer*'s chariots in his head, by theſe lines;

" Non tam præcipites bijugo certamine campum
" Corripuere, ruuntque effuſi carcere currus.
" Nec ſic immiſſis aurigæ undantia lora
" Concuſſere jugis, pronique in verbera pendent."

Æn. v. ℣. 144.

What is the encounter of *Cloanthus* and *Gyas* in the ſtrait between the rocks, but the ſame with that of *Menelaus* and *Antilochus* in the hollow way? Had the galley of *Sergeſtus* been broken, if the chariot of *Eumelus* had not been demoliſhed? Or *Mneſtheus* been caſt from the helm, had not the other been thrown from his ſeat? Does not *Mneſtheus* exhort his rowers in the very words *Antilochus* had uſed to his horſes?

" Non jam prima peto *Mneſtheus*, neque vincere
" certo.
" Quamquam O! ſed ſuperent quibus hoc *Nep-*
" *tune* dediſti;
" Extremos pudeat rediiſſe! hoc vincite, cives,
" Et prohibete nefas" ——

Ἔμβητον, καὶ ϛφῶϊ τιταίνετον ὅττι τάχιϛα.
Ἦ τοι μὲν κείνοισιν ἐριζέμεν οὔτι κελεύω
Τυδείδεω ἵπποισι δαΐφρονος, οἷσιν Ἀθήνη
Νῦν ὤρεξε τάχος ——

Ἵππους δ' Ἀτρείδαο κιχάνεται, μηδὲ λίπησθον,
Καρπαλίμως, μὴ ζῳῶν ἐλεγχείην καταχεύῃ
Αἴθη θῆλυς ἐοῦσα ——

Upon the whole, the deſcription of the ſea-race I think has the more poetry and majeſty, that of the chariots more nature and lively incidents. There is nothing in *Virgil* ſo pictureſque, ſo animated, or which ſo much marks the characters, as the epiſodes of *Antilochus* and *Menelaus*, *Ajax* and *Idomeneus*, with that beautiful interpoſition of old *Neſtor*, (ſo naturally introduced into an affair where one ſo little expects him.) On the other ſide, in *Virgil* the deſcription itſelf is nobler; it has ſomething more oſtentatiouſly grand, and ſeems a ſpectacle more worthy the preſence of princes and great perſons.

In three other games we find the *Roman* poet contending openly with the *Grecian*. That of the *Cæſtus* is in great part a verbal tranſlation: but it muſt be owned in favour of *Virgil*, that he has varied from *Homer* in the event of the combat with admirable judgment and with an improvement of the moral. *Epëus* and *Dares* are deſcribed by both poets as vain boaſters; but *Virgil* with more poetical juſtice puniſhes *Dares* for his arrogance, whereas the preſumption and pride of *Epëus* is rewarded by *Homer*.

On the contrary, in the *foot-race*, I am of opinion that *Homer* has ſhewn more judgment

and morality than *Virgil*. *Niſus* in the latter is unjuſt to his adverſary in favour of his friend *Euryalus*; ſo that *Euryalus* wins the race by a palpable fraud, and yet the poet gives him the firſt prize; whereas *Homer* makes *Ulyſſes* victorious, purely through the miſchance of *Ajax*, and his own piety in invoking *Minerva*.

The *ſhooting* is alſo a direct copy, but with the addition of two circumſtances which make a beautiful gradation. In *Homer* the firſt archer cuts the ſtring that held the bird, and the other ſhoots him as he is mounting. In *Virgil* the firſt only hits the maſt which the bird was fixed upon, the ſecond cuts the ſtring, the third ſhoots him, and the fourth to vaunt the ſtrength of his arm directs his arrow up to heaven, where it kindles into a flame, and makes a prodigy. This laſt is certainly ſuperior to *Homer* in what they call the *wonderful*: but what is the *intent* or *effect* of this prodigy, or whether a reader is not at leaſt as much ſurpriſed at it, as at the moſt unreaſonable parts in *Homer*, I leave to thoſe criticks who are more inclined to find faults than I am: nor ſhall I obſerve upon the many literal imitations in the *Roman* poet, to object againſt which were to derogate from the merit of thoſe fine paſſages, which *Virgil* was ſo very ſenſible of, that he was reſolved to take them, at any rate, to himſelf.

There remain in *Homer* three games untouched by *Virgil*; the *wreſtling*, the *ſingle combat*, and

the *Diſcus*. In *Virgil* there is only the *Luſus Trojæ* added, which is purely his own, and muſt be confeſt to be inimitable; I do not know whether I may be allowed to ſay, it is worth all thoſe three of *Homer?*

I could not forgive myſelf if I omitted to mention in this place the funeral games in the ſixth *Thebaid* of *Statius*; it is by much the moſt beautiful book of that poem. It is very remarkable, that he has followed *Homer* through the whole courſe of his games: there is the *chariot-race*, the *foot-race*, the *Diſcus*, the *Cæſtus*, the *wreſtling*, the *ſingle combat* (which is put off in the ſame manner as in *Homer)* and the *ſhooting*; which laſt ends (as in *Virgil)* with a prodigy: yet in the particular deſcriptions of each of theſe games this poet has not borrowed from either of his predeceſſors, and his poem is ſo much the worſe for it.

THE TWENTY-FOURTH BOOK OF THE ILIAD.

The ARGUMENT.

The redemption of the body of *Hector*.

THE Gods deliberate about the redemption of Hector's *body.* Jupiter *ſends* Thetis *to* Achilles *to diſpoſe him for the reſtoring it, and* Iris *to* Priam, *to encourage him to go in perſon, and treat for it. The old King, notwithſtanding the remonſtrances of his Queen, makes ready for the journey, to which he is encouraged by an Omen from* Jupiter. *He ſets forth in his chariot, with a waggon loaded with preſents under the charge of* Idæus *the herald.* Mercury *deſcends in the ſhape of a young man, and conducts him to the pavilion of* Achilles. *Their converſation on the way.* Priam *finds* Achilles *at his table, caſts himſelf at his feet, and begs for the body of his ſon;* Achilles, *moved with compaſſion, grants his requeſt, detains him one night in his tent, and the next morning ſends him home with the body: the* Trojans *run out to meet him. The lamentations of* Andromache, Hecuba, *and* Helen, *with the ſolemnities of the funeral.*

The time of twelve days *is employed in this book, while the body of* Hector *lies in the tent of* Achilles. *And as* many more *are ſpent in the truce allowed for his interment. The* ſcene *is partly in* Achilles's *camp, and partly in* Troy.

THE

TWENTY-FOURTH BOOK

OF THE

ILIAD.

Now from the finiſh'd games the *Grecian* band
Seek their black ſhips, and clear the crouded Strand:
All ſtretch'd at eaſe the genial banquet ſhare,
And pleaſing ſlumbers quiet all their care.
Not ſo *Achilles*: he, to grief reſign'd,
His friend's dear image preſent to his mind,
Takes his ſad couch, more unobſerv'd to weep;
Nor taſtes the gifts of all-compoſing ſleep.

Reſtleſs he roll'd around his weary bed,
And all his ſoul on his *Patroclus* fed:
The form ſo pleaſing, and the heart ſo kind,
That youthful vigour, and that manly mind,
What toils they ſhar'd, what martial works they wrought,
What ſeas they meaſur'd, and what fields they fought;

℣. 14. *What ſeas they meaſur'd*, &c.] There is ſomething very noble in theſe ſentiments of *Achilles*: he does not recollect any ſoft moments, any tenderneſs that had paſſed between him and *Patroclus*, but he revolves the many difficulties, the toils by land, and the dangers by ſea, in which they had been companions: thus the poet on all occaſions admirably ſuſtains the character of *Achilles*; when he played upon the harp in the ninth book, he ſung the atchievements of kings; and in this place there is an air of greatneſs in his very ſorrows: *Achilles* is as much a hero when he weeps, as when he fights.

This paſſage in *Homer* has not eſcaped the cenſure of *Plato*, who thought it a diminution in his character to be thus tranſported with grief; but the objection will vaniſh, if we remember that all the paſſions of *Achilles* are in the extreme; his nature is violent, and it would have been an outrage to his general character to have repreſented him as mourning moderately for his friend. *Plato* ſpoke more like a philoſopher than a critick when he blamed the behaviour of *Achilles* as unmanly: theſe tears would have ill become *Plato*, but they are graceful in *Achilles*.

Beſides, there is ſomething very inſtructive in this whole repreſentation, it ſhews us the power of a ſincere friendſhip, and ſoftens and recommends the character of *Achilles*; the

All paſt before him in rememb'rance dear,
Thought follows thought, and tear ſucceeds to tear.
And now ſupine, now prone, the hero lay,
Now ſhifts his ſide, impatient for the day:
Then ſtarting up, diſconſolate he goes
Wide on the lonely beach to vent his woes.
There as the ſolitary mourner raves,
The ruddy morning riſes o'er the waves:
Soon as it roſe, his furious ſteeds he join'd;
The chariot flies, and *Hector* trails behind.
And thrice, *Patroclus!* round thy monument
Was *Hector* dragg'd, then hurry'd to the tent.
There ſleep at laſt o'ercomes the hero's eyes;
While foul in duſt th' unhonour'd carcaſe lies,
But not deſerted by the pitying ſkies.
For *Phœbus* watch'd it with ſuperiour care,
Preſerv'd from gaping wounds, and tainting air;

violence he uſed towards his enemy is alleviated by the ſincerity he expreſſes towards his friend; he is a terrible enemy, but amiable friend.

℣. 30. *For* Phœbus *watch'd it*, &c.] *Euſtathius* ſays, that by this ſhield of *Apollo* are meant the clouds that are drawn up by the beams of the ſun, which cooling and qualifying the ſultrineſs of the air, preſerved the body from decay: but perhaps the poet had ſomething farther in his eye when he intro-

And ignominious as it ſwept the field,
Spread o'er the ſacred corſe his golden ſhield.
All heav'n was mov'd, and *Hermes* will'd to go
By ſtealth to ſnatch him from th' inſulting foe:
But *Neptune* this, and *Pallas* this denies,
And th' unrelenting Empreſs of the ſkies:

duced *Apollo* upon this occaſion: *Apollo* is a phyſician and the God of medicaments; if therefore *Achilles* uſed any arts to preſerve *Hector* from decay, that he might be able the longer to inſult his remains, *Apollo* may properly be ſaid to protect it with his *Ægis*.

ỳ. 36. *But* Neptune *this, and* Pallas *this denies.*] It is with excellent art that the poet carries on this part of the poem: he ſhews that he could have contrived another way to recover the body of *Hector*, but as a God is never to be introduced but when human means fail, he rejects the interpoſition of *Mercury*, makes uſe of ordinary methods, and *Priam* redeems his ſon: this gives an air of probability to the relation, at the ſame time that it advances the glory of *Achilles*; for the greateſt of his enemies labours to purchaſe his favour, the Gods hold a conſultation, and a King becomes his ſuppliant. *Euſtathius*.

Thoſe ſeven lines, from Κλέψαι δ' ὠτρύνεσκον Μαχλοσύνην ἀλεγεινήν, have been thought ſpurious by ſome of the ancients: they judged it as an indecency that the goddeſs of wiſdom and *Achilles* ſhould be equally inexorable; and that it was below the majeſty of the Gods to be ſaid to ſteal. Beſides, ſay they, had *Homer* been acquainted with the judgment of *Paris*, he would undoubtedly have mentioned it before this time in his poem, and conſequently that ſtory was of a later invention: and *Ariſtarchus* affirms that Μαχλοσύνη is a more modern word, and never known before the time of *Heſiod*, who uſes it when he ſpeaks of the daughters of *Prætus*; and adds, that it is ap-

E'er ſince that day implacable to *Troy*,
What time young *Paris*, ſimple ſhepherd boy,
Won by deſtructive luſt (Reward obſcene)
Their charms rejected for the *Cyprian* Queen.
But when the tenth celeſtial morning broke;
To heav'n aſſembled, thus *Apollo* ſpoke.

Unpitying pow'rs! how oft each holy fane
Has *Hector* ting'd with blood of victims ſlain?

propriated to ſignify the incontinence of women, and cannot be at all applied to men: therefore others read the laſt verſe,

Ἢ οἱ κεχαρισμένα δῶρ' ὀνόμηνε.

Theſe objections are entirely gathered from *Euſtathius:* to which we may add, that *Macrobius* ſeems to have been one of thoſe who rejected theſe verſes, ſince he affirms that our author never mentions the judgment of *Paris*. It may be anſwered, that the ſilence of *Homer* in the foregoing part of the poem, as to the judgment of *Paris*, is no argument that he was ignorant of that ſtory: perhaps he might think it moſt proper to unfold the cauſe of the deſtruction of *Troy* in the concluſion of the *Ilias*; that the reader ſeeing the wrong done, the puniſhment of that wrong immediately following, might acknowledge the juſtice of it.

The ſame reaſon will be an anſwer to the objection relating to the anger of *Pallas:* Wiſdom cannot be ſatisfied without Juſtice, and conſequently *Pallas* ought not to ceaſe from reſentment, till *Troy* has ſuffered the deſerts of her crimes.

I cannot think that the objection about the word Μαχλοσύνη is of any weight; the date of words is utterly uncertain, and as no one has been able to determine the ages of *Homer* and *Heſiod*, ſo neither can any perſon be aſſured that ſuch words were not in uſe in *Homer*'s days.

And can ye ſtill his cold remains purſue?
Still grudge his body to the *Trojans* view?
Deny to conſort, mother, ſon, and ſire,
The laſt ſad honours of a fun'ral fire?
Is then the dire *Achilles* all your care?
That iron heart, inflexibly ſevere;
A lion, not a man, who ſlaughters wide
In ſtrength of rage and impotence of pride;
Who haſtes to murder with a ſavage joy,
Invades around, and breathes but to deſtroy.
Shame is not of his ſoul; nor underſtood,
The greateſt evil and the greateſt good.
Still for one loſs he rages unreſign'd,
Repugnant to the lot of all mankind;
To loſe a friend, a brother, or a ſon,
Heav'n dooms each mortal, and its will is done:

℣. 52. *A lion, not a man*, &c.] This is a very formal condemnation of the morals of *Achilles*, which *Homer* puts into the mouth of a God. One may ſee from this alone that he was far from deſigning his hero a virtuous character; yet the poet artfully introduces *Apollo* in the midſt of his reproaches, intermingling the hero's praiſes with his blemiſhes: *Brave tho' he be*, &c. Thus what is the real merit of *Achilles* is diſtinguiſhed from what is blameable in his character, and we ſee *Apollo* or the God of wiſdom, is no leſs impartial than juſt in his repreſentation of *Achilles*.

A while they ſorrow, then diſmiſs their care;
Fate gives the wound, and man is born to bear.
But this Inſatiate the commiſſion giv'n
By fate, exceeds; and tempts the wrath of heav'n:
Lo how his rage diſhoneſt drags along
Hector's dead earth inſenſible of wrong!
Brave tho' he be, yet by no reaſon aw'd,
He violates the laws of Man and God.
If equal honours by the partial ſkies
Are doom'd both heroes, (*Juno* thus replies)
If *Thetis*' ſon muſt no diſtinction know,
Then hear, ye Gods! the Patron of the Bow.
But *Hector* only boaſts a mortal claim:
His birth deriving from a mortal dame:
Achilles of your own æthereal race
Springs from a Goddeſs by a man's embrace;
(A Goddeſs by ourſelf to *Peleus* giv'n,
A man divine, and choſen friend of heav'n.)
To grace thoſe nuptials, from the bright abode
Yourſelves were preſent; where this Minſtrel-God
(Well pleas'd to ſhare the feaſt,) amid the quire
Stood proud to hymn, and tune his youthful lyre.

Then thus the Thund'rer checks th' imperial dame:
Let not thy wrath the court of heav'n inflame;
Their merits, not their honours, are the ſame.
But mine, and ev'ry God's peculiar grace
Hector deſerves, of all the *Trojan* race:
Still on our ſhrines his grateful off'rings lay,
(The only honours men to Gods can pay)
Nor ever from our ſmoking altar ceaſt
The pure libation, and the holy feaſt.
Howe'er by ſtealth to ſnatch the corſe away,
We will not: *Thetis* guards it night and day.
But haſte, and ſummon to our courts above
The azure Queen; let her perſuaſion move
Her furious ſon from *Priam* to receive
The proffer'd ranſom, and the corſe to leave.
He added not: and *Iris* from the ſkies,
Swift as a whirlwind on the meſſage flies,
Meteorous the face of Ocean ſweeps,
Refulgent gliding o'er the ſable deeps.
Between where *Samos* wide his foreſts ſpreads,
And rocky *Imbrus* lifts its pointed heads,

Down plung'd the maid; (the parted waves
reſound)
She plung'd, and inſtant ſhot the dark profound.
As bearing death in the fallacious bait,
From the bent angle ſinks the leaden weight;
So paſt the Goddeſs thro' the cloſing wave,
Where *Thetis* ſorrow'd in her ſecret cave:
There plac'd amidſt her melancholy train
(The blue-hair'd ſiſters of the ſacred main)
Penſive ſhe ſat, revolving fates to come,
And wept her God-like ſon's approaching doom.
Then thus the Goddeſs of the painted bow.
Ariſe! O *Thetis*, from thy ſeats below,

ỳ. 114. *And wept her God-like ſon's approaching doom.*] Theſe words are very artfully inſerted by the poet. The poem could not proceed to the death of *Achilles* without breaking the action; and therefore to ſatisfy the curioſity of the reader concerning the fate of this great man, he takes care to inform us that his life draws to a period, and as it were celebrates his funeral before his death.

Such circumſtances as theſe greatly raiſe the character of *Achilles*; he is ſo truly valiant, that though he knows he muſt fall before *Troy*, yet he does not abſtain from the war, but courageouſly meets his death: and here I think it proper to inſert an obſervation that ought to have been made before, which is, that *Achilles* did not know that *Hector* was to fall by his hand; if he had known it, where would have been the mighty courage in engaging him in a ſingle combat, in which

'Tis *Jove* that calls. And why (the Dame replies)
Calls *Jove* his *Thetis* to the hated ſkies?
Sad object as I am for heav'nly ſight!
Ah may my ſorrows ever ſhun the light!
Howe'er, be heav'n's almighty Sire obey'd —
She ſpake, and veil'd her head in ſable ſhade,
Which, flowing long, her graceful perſon clad;
And forth ſhe pac'd, majeſtically ſad.

Then thro' the world of waters, they repair
(The way fair *Iris* led) to upper air.
The deeps dividing, o'er the coaſt they riſe,
And touch with momentary flight the ſkies.
There in the light'ning's blaze the Sire they found,
And all the Gods in ſhining ſynod round.
Thetis approach'd with anguiſh in her face,
(*Minerva* riſing, gave the mourner place)
Ev'n *Juno* ſought her ſorrows to conſole,
And offer'd from her hand the Nectar-bowl;

he was ſure to conquer? The contrary of this is evident from the words of *Achilles* to *Hector* juſt before the combat,

— — — Πρὶν γ' ἢ ἑτερόν γε πεσόντα
Αἵματος ἆσαι Ἄρηα, &c.

I will make no compacts with thee, ſays *Achilles, but one of us ſhall fall,*

She taſted, and reſign'd it: then began
The ſacred Sire of Gods and mortal man:
Thou com'ſt, fair *Thetis*, but with grief o'ercaſt;
Maternal ſorrows; long, ah long to laſt!
Suffice, we know and we partake thy cares:
But yield to Fate, and hear what *Jove* declares.
Nine days are paſt, ſince all the court above
In *Hector*'s cauſe have mov'd the ear of *Jove*;

℣. 141. *Nine days are paſt, ſince all the court above*, &c.] It may be thought that ſo many interpoſitions of the Gods, ſuch meſſages from heaven to earth, and down to the ſeas, are needleſs machines; and it may be imagined that it is an offence againſt probability that ſo many Deities ſhould be employed to pacify *Achilles*: but I am of opinion that the poet conducts this whole affair with admirable judgment. The poem is now almoſt at the concluſion, and *Achilles* is to paſs from a ſtate of an almoſt inexorable reſentment to a ſtate of perfect tranquillity; ſuch a change could not be brought about by human means; *Achilles* is too ſtubborn to obey any thing leſs than a God: this is evident from his rejecting the perſuaſion of the whole *Grecian* army to return to the battle: ſo that it appears that this machinery was neceſſary, and conſequently a beauty to the poem.

It may be farther added, that theſe ſeveral incidents proceed from *Jupiter*: it is by his appointment that ſo many Gods are employed to attend *Achilles*. By theſe means *Jupiter* fulfils the promiſe mentioned in the firſt book, of honouring the ſon of *Thetis*, and *Homer* excellently ſuſtains his character by repreſenting the inexorable *Achilles* as not parting with the body of his mortal enemy, but by the immediate command of *Jupiter*.

'Twas voted, *Hermes* from his god-like foe
By ſtealth ſhould bear him, but we will'd not ſo:
We will, thy ſon himſelf the corſe reſtore,
And to his conqueſt add this glory more.
Then hie thee to him, and our mandate bear;
Tell him he tempts the wrath of heav'n too far:
Nor let him more (our anger if he dread)
Vent his mad vengeance on the ſacred dead:
But yield to ranſom and the father's pray'r.
The mournful father, *Iris* ſhall prepare,
With gifts to ſue; and offer to his hands
Whate'er his honour aſks, or heart demands.
His word the ſilver-footed Queen attends,
And from *Olympus'* ſnowy tops deſcends.
Arriv'd, ſhe heard the voice of loud lament,
And echoing groans that ſhook the lofty tent.

If the poet had conducted theſe incidents merely by human means, or ſuppoſed *Achilles* to reſtore the body of *Hector* entirely out of compaſſion, the draught had been unnatural, becauſe unlike *Achilles*: ſuch a violence of temper was not to be pacified by ordinary methods. Beſides, he has made uſe of the propereſt perſonages to carry on the affair; for who could be ſuppoſed to have ſo great an influence upon *Achilles* as his own mother, who is a goddeſs!

His friends prepare the victim, and diſpoſe
Repaſt unheeded, while he vents his woes;
The Goddeſs ſeats her by her penſive ſon,
She preſt his hand, and tender thus begun.

How long, unhappy! ſhall thy ſorrows flow;
And thy heart waſte with life-conſuming woe:
Mindleſs of food, or Love whoſe pleaſing reign
Soothes weary life, and ſoftens human pain?
O ſnatch the moments, yet within thy pow'r;
Not long to live, indulge the am'rous hour!

ϒ. 164. *And thy heart waſte with life-conſuming woe.*] This expreſſion in the original is very particular. Were it to be tranſlated literally, it muſt be rendered, how long wilt thou *eat, or prey upon thy own heart* by theſe ſorrows? And it ſeems that it was a common way of expreſſing a deep ſorrow; and *Pythagoras* uſes it in this ſenſe, μὴ ἐσθίειν καρδίαν, that is, grieve not exceſſively, let not ſorrow make too great an impreſſion upon thy heart. *Euſtathius.*

ϒ. 168. —— *Indulge the am'rous hour!*] The ancients (ſays *Euſtathius*) rejected theſe verſes becauſe of the indecent idea they convey: the goddeſs in plain terms adviſes *Achilles* to go to bed to his miſtreſs, and tells him a woman will be a comfort. The good biſhop is of opinion, that they ought to be rejected, but the reaſon he gives is as extraordinary as that of *Thetis:* ſoldiers, ſays he, have more occaſion for ſomething to ſtrengthen themſelves with, than for women: and this is the reaſon, continues he, why wreſtlers are forbid all commerce with that ſex during the whole time of their exerciſe.

Dionyſius of *Halicarnaſſus* endeavours to juſtify *Homer* by obſerving, that this advice of *Thetis* was not given him to in-

Lo! *Jove* himſelf (for *Jove*'s command I bear)
Forbids to tempt the wrath of heav'n too far.

duce him to any wontonneſs, but was intended to indulge a nobler paſſion, his deſire of glory: ſhe adviſes him to go to that captive who was reſtored to him in a publick manner to ſatisfy his honour: to that captive, the detention of whom had been ſo great a puniſhment to the whole *Grecian* army. And therefore *Thetis* uſes a very proper motive to comfort her ſon, by adviſing him to gratify at once both his love and his glory.

Plutarch has likewiſe laboured in *Homer*'s juſtification; he obſerves that the poet has ſet the picture of *Achilles* in this place in a very fair and ſtrong point of light: though *Achilles* had ſo lately received his beloved *Briſeïs* from the hands of *Agamemnon*; though he knew that his own life drew to a certain period; yet the hero prevails over the lover, and he does not haſte to indulge his love: he does not lament *Patroclus* like a common man by neglecting the duties of life, but he abſtains from all pleaſure by an exceſs of ſorrow, and the love of his miſtreſs is loſt in that of his friend.

This obſervation excellently juſtifies *Achilles*, in not indulging himſelf with the company of his miſtreſs: the hero indeed prevails ſo much over the lover, that *Thetis* thinks herſelf obliged to recall *Briſeïs* to his memory. Yet ſtill the indecency remains. All that can be ſaid in favour of *Thetis* is, that ſhe was mother to *Achilles*, and conſequently might take the greater freedom with her ſon.

Madam *Dacier* diſapproves of both the former obſervations: ſhe has recourſe to the lawfulneſs of ſuch a practice between *Achilles* and *Briſeïs*; and becauſe ſuch commerces in thoſe times were reputed honeſt, therefore ſhe thinks the advice was decent: the married ladies are obliged to her for this obſervation, and I hope all tender mothers, when their ſons are afflicted, will adviſe them to comfort themſelves in this manner.

No longer then (his fury if thou dread)
Detain the relicks of great *Hector* dead;
Nor vent on ſenſeleſs earth thy vengeance vain;
But yield to ranſom, and reſtore the ſlain.
To whom *Achilles:* Be the ranſom giv'n,
And we ſubmit, ſince ſuch the will of heav'n.
While thus they commun'd, from th' *Olympian* bow'rs
Jove orders *Iris* to the *Trojan* tow'rs.
Haſte, winged Goddeſs! to the ſacred town,
And urge her Monarch to redeem his ſon;
Alone, the *Ilian* ramparts let him leave,
And bear what ſtern *Achilles* may receive:

In ſhort, I am of opinion that this paſſage outrages decency; and it is a ſign of ſome weakneſs to have ſo much occaſion of juſtification. Indeed the whole paſſage is capable of a ſerious conſtruction, and of ſuch a ſenſe as a mother might expreſs to a ſon with decency: and then it will run thus, "Why art thou, my ſon, thus afflicted? Why "thus reſigned to ſorrow? Can neither ſleep nor love divert "you? Short is thy date of life, ſpend it not all in weep-"ing, but allow ſome part of it to love and pleaſure!" But ſtill the indecency lies in the manner of the expreſſion, which muſt be allowed to be almoſt obſcene, (for ſuch is the word μισγεσθ' *miſceri*) all that can be ſaid in defence of it is, that as we are not competent judges of what ideas words might carry in *Homer*'s time, ſo we ought not entirely to condemn him, becauſe it is poſſible the expreſſion might not ſound ſo indecently in ancient, as in modern ears.

Alone, for ſo we will: no *Trojan* near;
Except to place the dead with decent care,
Some aged herald, who with gentle hand,
May the ſlow mules and fun'ral car command.
Nor let him death, nor let him danger dread,
Safe thro' the foe by our protection led:
Him *Hermes* to *Achilles* ſhall convey,
Guard of his life, and partner of his way.
Fierce as he is, *Achilles'* ſelf ſhall ſpare
His age, nor touch one venerable hair;

ỳ. 189. *Him* Hermes *to* Achilles *ſhall convey.*] The intervention of *Mercury* was very neceſſary at this time, and by it the poet not only gives an air of probability to the relation, but alſo pays a compliment to his countrymen the *Grecians:* they kept ſo ſtrict a guard that nothing but a God could paſs unobſerved; this highly recommends their military diſcipline; and *Priam* not being able to carry the ranſom without a chariot, it would have been an offence againſt probability to have ſuppoſed him able to have paſſed all the guards of the army in his chariot, without the aſſiſtance of ſome deity: *Horace* had this paſſage in his view, Ode the xth of the firſt book,

"Iniqua *Trojæ* caſtra fefellit."

ỳ. 191. — — Achilles' *ſelf ſhall ſpare*
His age, nor touch one venerable hair, &c.]

It is obſervable that every word here is a negative, ἄφρων, ἄσκοπος, ἀλιτήμων; *Achilles* is ſtill ſo angry that *Jupiter* cannot ſay he is wiſe, judicious, and merciful; he only commends him

Some thought there muſt be, in a ſoul ſo brave,
Some ſenſe of duty, ſome deſire to ſave.
Then down her bow the winged *Iris* drives,
And ſwift at *Priam*'s mournful court arrives:

negatively, and barely ſays he is not a madman, nor perverſely wicked.

It is the obſervation of the ancients, ſays *Euſtathius*, that all the cauſes of the ſins of man are included in thoſe three words: man offends either out of ignorance, and then he is ἄφρων; or through inadvertency, then he is ἄσκοπος; or wilfully and maliciouſly, and then he is ἀλιτήμων. So that this deſcription agrees very well with the preſent diſpoſition of *Achilles*; he is not ἄφρων, becauſe his reſentment begins to abate; he is not ἄσκοπος, becauſe his mother has given him inſtructions; nor ἀλιτήμων, becauſe he will not offend againſt the injunctions of *Jupiter*.

℣. 195. *The winged* Iris *drives*, &c.] Monſ. *Rapin* has been very free upon this paſſage, where ſo many machines are made uſe of, to cauſe *Priam* to obtain the body of *Hector* from *Achilles*. "This father (ſays he) who has ſo much tenderneſs for his ſon, who is ſo ſuperſtitious in obſerving the funeral ceremonies, and ſaving thoſe precious remains from the dogs and vultures; ought not to have thought of doing this himſelf, without being thus expreſly commanded by the Gods? Was there need of a machine to make him remember that he was a father?" But this critick entirely forgets what rendered ſuch a conduct of abſolute neceſſity; namely, the extreme danger and (in all probability) imminent ruin both of the king and ſtate, upon *Priam*'s putting himſelf into the power of his moſt inveterate enemy. There was no other method of recovering *Hector*, and of diſcharging his funeral rites (which were looked upon by the ancients of ſo high importance) and therefore the meſſage from *Jupiter* to encourage *Priam*, with the aſſiſtance of *Mer-*

Where the ſad ſons beſide their father's throne
Sat bath'd in tears, and anſwer'd groan with groan.
And all amidſt them lay the hoary ſire,
(Sad ſcene of woe!) his face, his wrapt attire
Conceal'd from ſight; with frantick hands he ſpread
A ſhow'r of aſhes o'er his neck and head.
From room to room his penſive daughters roam;
Whoſe ſhrieks and clamours fill the vaulted dome;
Mindful of thoſe, who, late their pride and joy,
Lie pale and breathleſs round the fields of *Troy!*
Before the King *Jove*'s meſſenger appears,
And thus in whiſpers greets his trembling ears.
Fear not, oh father! no ill news I bear;
From *Jove* I come, *Jove* makes thee ſtill his care:

cury to conduct him, and to prepare *Achilles* to receive him with favour, was far from impertinent: it was *dignus vindice nodus*, as *Horace* expreſſes it.

ỳ. 200. *His face, his wrapt attire Conceal'd from ſight.*] The poet has obſerved a great decency in this place; he was not able to expreſs the grief of his royal mourner, and ſo covers what he could not repreſent. From this paſſage *Semanthes* the *Sicyonian* painter borrowed his deſign in the ſacrifice of *Iphigenia*, and repreſents his *Agamemnon*, as *Homer* does his *Priam*: *Æſchylus* has likewiſe imitated this place, and draws his *Niobe* exactly after the manner of *Homer*. *Euſtathius.*

For *Hector*'s ſake theſe walls he bids thee leave,
And bear what ſtern *Achilles* may receive;
Alone, for ſo he wills: no *Trojan* near,
Except to place the dead with decent care,
Some aged herald, who with gentle hand,
May the ſlow mules and fun'ral car command.
Nor ſhalt thou death, nor ſhalt thou danger dread;
Safe thro' the foe by his protection led;
Thee *Hermes* to *Pelides* ſhall convey,
Guard of thy life, and partner of thy way.
Fierce as he is, *Achilles*' ſelf ſhall ſpare
Thy age, nor touch one venerable hair;
Some thought there muſt be, in a ſoul ſo brave,
Some ſenſe of duty, ſome deſire to ſave.
She ſpoke, and vaniſh'd. *Priam* bids prepare
His gentle mules, and harneſs to the car;
There, for the gifts, a poliſh'd caſket lay:
His pious ſons the King's command obey.
Then paſt the Monarch to his bridal-room,
Where Cedar-beams the lofty roofs perfume,
And where the treaſures of his empire lay;
Then call'd his Queen, and thus began to ſay.

Unhappy conſort of a King diſtreſt!
Partake the troubles of thy huſband's breaſt:
I ſaw deſcend the meſſenger of *Jove*,
Who bids me try *Achilles'* mind to move;
Forſake theſe ramparts, and with gifts obtain
The corpſe of *Hector*, at yon' navy, ſlain.
Tell me thy thought: my heart impels to go
Thro' hoſtile camps, and bears me to the foe.

The hoary Monarch thus. Her piercing cries
Sad *Hecuba* renews, and then replies.
Ah! whither wanders thy diſtemper'd mind?
And where the prudence now that aw'd mankind;
Thro' *Phrygia* once, and foreign regions known;
Now all confus'd, diſtracted, overthrown?
Singly to paſs thro' hoſts of foes! to face
(Oh heart of ſteel!) the Murd'rer of thy race!
To view that deathful eye, and wander o'er
Thoſe hands, yet red with *Hector's* noble gore!
Alas! my Lord! he knows not how to ſpare,
And what his mercy, thy ſlain ſons declare;
So brave! ſo many fall'n! To calm his rage
Vain were thy dignity, and vain thy age.

No — pent in this ſad palace, let us give
To grief, the wretched days we have to live.
Still, ſtill for *Hector* let our ſorrows flow,
Born to his own, and to his parents woe!
Doom'd from the hour his luckleſs life begun,
To dogs, to vultures, and to *Peleus'* ſon!
Oh! in his deareſt blood might I allay
My rage, and theſe barbarities repay!
For ah! could *Hector* merit thus, whoſe breath
Expir'd not meanly, in unactive death?
He pour'd his lateſt blood in manly fight,
And fell a hero in his country's right.
Seek not to ſtay me, nor my ſoul affright
With words of omen, like a bird of night;

℣. 265. *He pour'd his lateſt blood in manly fight,*
And fell a hero — — —] This whole diſcourſe of *Hecuba* is exceedingly natural, ſhe aggravates the features of *Achilles*, and ſoftens thoſe of *Hector*: her anger blinds her ſo much, that ſhe can ſee nothing great in *Achilles*, and her fondneſs ſo much, that ſhe can diſcern no defects in *Hector*. Thus ſhe draws *Achilles* in the fierceſt colours, like a *Barbarian*, and calls him ὠμηστὴς: but at the ſame time forgets that *Hector* ever fled from *Achilles*, and in the original directly tells us that *he knew not how to fear, or how to fly*. Euſtathius.

(Reply'd unmov'd the venerable man)
'Tis heav'n commands me, and you urge in vain.
Had any mortal voice th' injunction laid,
Nor augur, prieſt, or ſeer had been obey'd.
A preſent Goddeſs brought the high command,
I ſaw, I heard her, and the word ſhall ſtand.
I go, ye Gods! obedient to your call:
If in yon' camp your pow'rs have doom'd my fall,
Content — By the ſame hand let me expire!
Add to the ſlaughter'd ſon the wretched ſire!
One cold embrace at leaſt may be allow'd,
And my laſt tears flow mingled with his blood!
From forth his open'd ſtores, this ſaid, he drew
Twelve coſtly carpets of refulgent hue,
As many veſts, as many mantles told,
And twelve fair veils and garments ſtiff with gold.
Two tripods next, and twice two chargers ſhine,
With ten pure talents from the richeſt mine;
And laſt a large well-labour'd bowl had place,
(The pledge of treaties once with friendly *Thrace*)
Seem'd all too mean the ſtores he could employ,
For one laſt look to buy him back to *Troy!*

Lo! the ſad father, frantick with his pain,
Around him furious drives his menial train:

ỳ. 291. *Lo! the ſad father*, &c.] This behaviour of *Priam* is very natural to a perſon in his circumſtances: the loſs of his favourite ſon makes ſo deep an impreſſion upon his ſpirits, that he is incapable of conſolation; he is diſpleaſed with every body; he is angry he knows not why; the diſorder and hurry of his ſpirits make him break out into paſſionate expreſſions, and thoſe expreſſions are contained in ſhort periods, very natural to men in anger, who give not themſelves leiſure to expreſs their ſentiments at full length: it is from the ſame paſſion that *Priam*, in the ſecond ſpeech, treats all his ſons with the utmoſt indignity, calls them gluttons, dancers and flatterers. *Euſtathius* very juſtly remarks, that he had *Paris* particularly in his eye; but his anger makes him transfer that character to the reſt of his children, not being calm enough to make a diſtinction between the innocent and guilty.

That paſſage where he runs into the praiſes of *Hector* is particularly natural: his concern and fondneſs make him as extravagant in the commendation of him, as in the diſparagement of his other ſons: they are leſs than mortals, he more than man. *Rapin* has cenſured this anger of *Priam* as a breach of the *manners*, and ſays he might have ſhewn himſelf a father, otherwiſe than by this uſage of his children. But whoever conſiders his circumſtances, will judge after another manner. *Priam*, after having been the moſt wealthy, moſt powerful and formidable monarch of *Aſia*, becomes all at once the moſt miſerable of men; he loſes in leſs than eight days the beſt of his army, and a great number of virtuous ſons; he loſes the braveſt of them all, his glory and his defence, the gallant *Hector*. This laſt blow ſinks him quite, and changes him ſo much, that he is no longer the ſame: he becomes impatient, frantick, unreaſonable! the terrible effect of ill fortune! whoever has the leaſt inſight into nature, muſt admire ſo fine a picture of the force of adverſity on an unhappy old man.

In vain each ſlave with duteous care attends,
Each office hurts him, and each face offends.
What make ye here? officious crouds! (he cries)
Hence! nor obtrude your anguiſh on my eyes.
Have ye no griefs at home, to fix ye there;
Am I the only object of deſpair?
Am I become my people's common ſhow,
Set up by *Jove* your ſpectacle of woe?
No, you muſt feel him too; yourſelves muſt fall;
The ſame ſtern God to ruin gives you all:
Nor is great *Hector* loſt by me alone;
Your ſole defence, your guardian pow'r is gone!
I ſee your blood the fields of *Phrygia* drown,
I ſee the ruins of your ſmoking town!
Oh ſend me, Gods! e'er that ſad day ſhall come,
A willing ghoſt to *Pluto*'s dreary dome!
He ſaid, and feebly drives his friends away:
The ſorrowing friends his frantick rage obey.
Next on his ſons his erring fury falls,
Polites, *Paris*, *Agathon*, he calls,

His threats *Deïphobus* and *Dius* hear,
Hippothoüs, *Pammon*, *Helenus* the ſeer,
And gen'rous *Antiphon*: for yet theſe nine
Surviv'd, ſad relicks of his num'rous line.
Inglorious ſons of an unhappy ſire!
Why did not all in *Hector*'s cauſe expire?
Wretch that I am! my braveſt offspring ſlain,
You, the diſgrace of *Priam*'s houſe, remain!
Meſtor the brave, renown'd in ranks of war,
With *Troilus*, dreadful on his ruſhing car,
And laſt great *Hector*, more than man divine,
For ſure he ſeem'd not of terreſtrial line!
All thoſe relentleſs *Mars* untimely ſlew,
And left me theſe, a ſoft and ſervile crew,
Whoſe days the feaſt and wanton dance employ,
Gluttons and flatt'rers, the contempt of *Troy!*
Why teach ye not my rapid wheels to run,
And ſpeed my journey to redeem my ſon?

ỳ. 313. *Deïophobus* and *Dius.*] It has been a diſpute whether Δῖος or Ἄσιος, in *ỳ.* 251 of the *Greek*, was a proper name; but *Pherecydes* (ſays *Euſtathius*) determines it, and aſſures us that *Dios* was a ſpurious ſon of *Priam*.

The ſons their father's wretched age revere,
Forgive his anger, and produce the car.
High on the ſeat the cabinet they bind:
The new-made car with ſolid beauty ſhin'd;
Box was the yoke, emboſt with coſtly pains,
And hung with ringlets to receive the reins;
Nine cubits long, the traces ſwept the ground;
Theſe to the chariot's poliſh'd pole they bound,
Then fix'd a ring the running reins to guide,
And cloſe beneath the gather'd ends were ty'd.
Next with the gifts (the price of *Hector* ſlain)
The ſad attendants load the groaning wain:
Laſt to the yoke the well-match'd mules they bring,
(The gift of *Myſia* to the *Trojan* King.)
But the fair horſes, long his darling care,
Himſelf receiv'd, and harneſs'd to his car:
Griev'd as he was, he not this taſk deny'd;
The hoary herald help'd him, at his ſide.

℣. 342. *The ſad attendants load the groaning wain.*] It is neceſſary to obſerve to the reader, to avoid confuſion, that two cars are here prepared; the one drawn by mules, to carry the preſents, and to bring back the body of *Hector*; the other drawn by horſes, in which the herald and *Priam* rode. *Euſtathius.*

While careful theſe the gentle courſers join'd,
Sad *Hecuba* approach'd with anxious mind;
A golden bowl that foam'd with fragrant wine,
(Libation deſtin'd to the pow'r divine)
Held in her right, before the ſteeds ſhe ſtands,
And thus conſigns it to the Monarch's hands.
Take this, and pour to *Jove*; that ſafe from harms,
His grace reſtore thee to our roof, and arms.
Since victor of thy fears, and ſlighting mine,
Heav'n, or thy ſoul, inſpire this bold deſign:
Pray to that God, who high on *Ida*'s brow
Surveys thy deſolated realms below,
His winged meſſenger to ſend from high,
And lead thy way with heav'nly Augury:
Let the ſtrong ſov'reign of the plumy race
Tow'r on the right of yon' æthereal ſpace.
That ſign beheld, and ſtrengthen'd from above,
Boldly purſue the journey mark'd by *Jove*;
But if the God his augury denies,
Suppreſs thy impulſe, nor reject advice.

'Tis juſt (ſaid *Priam*) to the Sire above
To raiſe our hands; for who ſo good as *Jove?*
He ſpoke, and bade th' attendant handmaid bring
The pureſt water of the living ſpring:
(Her ready hands the ewer and baſon held)
Then took the golden cup his Queen had fill'd;
On the mid pavement pours the roſy wine,
Uplifts his eyes, and calls the pow'r divine.
Oh firſt, and greateſt! heav'n's imperial Lord!
On lofty *Ida*'s holy hill ador'd!
To ſtern *Achilles* now direct my ways,
And teach him mercy when a father prays.
If ſuch thy will, diſpatch from yonder ſky
Thy ſacred bird, celeſtial Augury!
Let the ſtrong ſov'reign of the plumy race
Tow'r on the right of yon' æthereal ſpace:

℣. 377. *Oh firſt, and greateſt!* &c.] *Euſtathius* obſerves, that there is not one inſtance in the whole *Ilias* of any prayer that was juſtly preferred, that failed of ſucceſs. This proceeding of *Homer*'s is very judicious, and anſwers exactly to the true end of poetry, which is to pleaſe and inſtruct. Thus *Priam* prays that *Achilles* may ceaſe his wrath, and compaſſionate his miſeries; and *Jupiter* grants his requeſt: the unfortunate king obtains compaſſion, and in his moſt inveterate enemy finds a friend.

So ſhall thy ſuppliant, ſtrengthen'd from above,
Fearleſs purſue the journey mark'd by *Jove*.
Jove heard his pray'r, and from the throne on high
Diſpatch'd his bird, celeſtial Augury!
The ſwift-wing'd chaſer of the feather'd game,
And known to Gods by *Percnos'* lofty name.
Wide, as appears ſome palace-gate diſplay'd,
So broad, his pinions ſtretch'd their ample ſhade,
As ſtooping dexter with reſounding wings
Th' imperial bird deſcends in airy rings.
A dawn of joy in ev'ry face appears;
The mourning matron dries her tim'rous tears:
Swift on the car th' impatient Monarch ſprung;
The brazen portal in his paſſage rung.
The mules preceding draw the loaded wain,
Charg'd with the gifts: *Idæus* holds the rein:
The King himſelf his gentle ſteeds controlls,
And thro' ſurrounding friends the chariot rolls.
On his ſlow wheels the following people wait,
Mourn at each ſtep, and give him up to Fate;

With hands uplifted, eye him as he paſt,
And gaze upon him as they gaz'd their laſt.
Now forward fares the Father on his way,
Thro' the lone fields, and back to *Ilion* they.
Great *Jove* beheld him as he croſt the plain,
And felt the woes of miſerable man.
Then thus to *Hermes*. Thou whoſe conſtant cares
Still ſuccour mortals, and attend their pray'rs;
Behold an object to thy charge conſign'd:
If ever pity touch'd thee for mankind;
Go, guard the ſire; th' obſerving foe prevent,
And ſafe conduct him to *Achilles'* tent.

The God obeys, his golden pinions binds,
And mounts incumbent on the wings of winds,

ỳ. 417. *The deſcription of* Mercury.] A man muſt have no taſte for poetry that does not admire this ſublime deſcription: *Virgil* has tranſlated it almoſt *verbatim* in the ivth book of the *Æneis*, ỳ. 240.

" — — Ille patris magni parere parabat
" Imperio, & primùm pedibus talaria nectit
" Aurea, quæ ſublimem alis, ſive æquora ſupra,
" Seu terram, rapido pariter cum flamine portant.
" Tum virgam capit, hâc animas ille evocat orco
" Pallentes, alias ſub triſtia tartara mittit;
" Dat ſomnos, adimitque, & lumina morte reſignat."

That high, thro' fields of air, his flight ſuſtain
O'er the wide earth, and o'er the boundleſs main:
Then graſps the wand that cauſes ſleep to fly,
Or in ſoft ſlumbers ſeals the wakeful eye;
Thus arm'd, ſwift *Hermes* ſteers his airy way,
And ſtoops on *Helleſpont's* reſounding ſea.
A beauteous youth, majeſtick and divine,
He ſeem'd; fair offspring of ſome princely line!

It is hard to determine which is more excellent, the copy, or the original: *Mercury* appears in both pictures with equal majeſty; and the *Roman* dreſs becomes him as well as the *Grecian*. *Virgil* has added the latter part of the fifth, and the whole ſixth line, to *Homer*, which makes it ſtill more full and majeſtical.

Give me leave to produce a paſſage out of *Milton* of near affinity with the lines above, which is not inferiour to *Homer* or *Virgil*: it is the deſcription of the deſcent of an angel.

— — Down thither, prone in flight
He ſpeeds, and thro' the vaſt æthereal ſky
Sails between worlds and worlds; with ſteady wing:
Now on the polar winds: then with quick force
Winnows the buxom air ———
Of beaming ſunny rays a golden tiar
Circled his head; nor leſs his locks behind
Illuſtrious, on his ſhoulders fledg'd with wings,
Lay waving round, —— &c.

Now twilight veil'd the glaring face of day,
And clad the duſky fields in ſober gray;
What-time the herald and the hoary King,
(Their chariots ſtopping at the ſilver ſpring,
That circling *Ilus*' ancient marble flows)
Allow'd their mules and ſteeds a ſhort repoſe.
Thro' the dim ſhade the herald firſt eſpies
A man's approach, and thus to *Priam* cries.
I mark ſome foe's advance: O King! beware;
This hard adventure claims thy utmoſt care:
For much I fear, deſtruction hovers nigh:
Our ſtate aſks counſel; Is it beſt to fly?

℣. 427. *Now twilight veil'd the glaring face of day.*] The poet by ſuch intimations as theſe recalls to our minds the exact time which *Priam* takes up in his journey to *Achilles*: he ſet out in the evening; and by the time that he had reached the tomb of *Ilus*, it was grown ſomewhat dark, which ſhews that this tomb ſtood at ſome diſtance from the city: here *Mercury* meets him, and when it was quite dark, guides him into the preſence of *Achilles*. By theſe methods we may diſcover how exactly the poet preſerves the unities of time and place; and that he allots ſpace ſufficient for the actions which he deſcribes, and yet does not croud more incidents into any interval of time than may be executed in as much as he allows: thus it being improbable that ſo ſtubborn a man as *Achilles* ſhould relent in a few moments, the poet allows a whole night for this affair; ſo that *Priam* has leiſure enough to go and return, and time enough remaining to perſuade *Achilles*.

Or, old and helpleſs, at his feet to fall,
(Two wretched ſuppliants) and for mercy call? 440
Th' afflicted Monarch ſhiver'd with deſpair;
Pale grew his face, and upright ſtood his hair;
Sunk was his heart; his colour went and came;
A ſudden trembling ſhook his aged frame:
When *Hermes* greeting, touch'd his royal hand,
And gentle, thus accoſts with kind demand. 446
Say whither, father! when each mortal ſight
Is ſeal'd in ſleep, thou wander'ſt thro' the night.

ỳ. 447, *&c. The ſpeech of* Mercury *to* Priam.] I ſhall not trouble the reader with the dreams of *Euſtathius*, who tells us that this fiction of *Mercury*, is partly true and partly falſe: it is true that his father is old; for *Jupiter* is King of the whole univerſe, was from eternity, and created both men and Gods: in like manner, when *Mercury* ſays he is the ſeventh child of his father, *Euſtathius* affirms that he meant that there were ſix planets beſides *Mercury*. Sure it requires great pains and thought to be ſo learnedly abſurd; the ſuppoſition which he makes afterwards is far more natural. *Priam*, ſays he, might by chance meet with one of the *Myrmidons*, who might conduct him unobſerved through the camp into the preſence of *Achilles*: and as the execution of any wiſe deſign is aſcribed to *Pallas*, ſo may this clandeſtine enterprize be ſaid to be managed by the guidance of *Mercury*.

But perhaps this whole paſſage may be better explained by having recourſe to the *Pagan* theology: it was an opinion that obtained in thoſe early days, that *Jupiter* frequently ſent ſome friendly meſſengers to protect the innocent, ſo that *Homer* might intend to give his readers a lecture of Morality.

Why roam thy mules and ſteeds the plains along,
Thro' *Grecian* foes, ſo num'rous and ſo ſtrong?
What could'ſt thou hope, ſhould theſe thy treaſures view;
Theſe, who with endleſs hate thy race purſue?
For what defence, alas! could'ſt thou provide;
Thyſelf not young, a weak old man thy guide?
Yet ſuffer not thy ſoul to ſink with dread;
From me no harm ſhall touch thy rev'rend head;

by telling us that this unhappy king was under the protection of the Gods.

Madam *Dacier* carries it farther. *Homer* (ſays ſhe) inſtructed by tradition, knew that God ſends his angels to the ſuccour of the afflicted. The ſcripture is full of examples of this truth. The ſtory of *Tobit* has a wonderful relation with this of *Homer: Tobit* ſent his ſon to *Rages*, a city of *Media*, to receive a conſiderable ſum; *Tobias* did not know the way; he found at his door a young man cloathed with a majeſtick glory, which attracted admiration; it was an angel under the form of a man. This angel being aſked who he was, anſwered (as *Mercury* does here) by a fiction; he ſaid that he was of the children of *Iſrael*, that his name was *Azarias*, and that he was ſon of *Ananias*. This angel conducted *Tobias* in ſafety; he gave him inſtructions; and when he was to receive the recompence which the father and ſon offered him, he declared that he was the angel of the Lord, took his flight towards heaven, and diſappeared. Here is a great conformity in the ideas and in the ſtyle; and the example of our author ſo long before *Tobit*, proves, that this opinion of God's ſending his angels to the aid of man was very common, and much ſpread amongſt the *Pagans* in thoſe former times. *Dacier.*

From *Greece* I'll guard thee too; for in thoſe lines
The living image of my father ſhines.
Thy words, that ſpeak benevolence of mind
Are true, my ſon! (the god-like ſire rejoin'd)
Great are my hazards; but the Gods ſurvey
My ſteps, and ſend thee, guardian of my way.
Hail, and be bleſt! For ſcarce of mortal kind
Appear thy form, thy feature, and thy mind.
Nor true are all thy words, nor erring wide;
(The ſacred meſſenger of heav'n reply'd)
But ſay, convey'ſt thou thro' the lonely plains
What yet moſt precious of thy ſtore remains,
To lodge in ſafety with ſome friendly hand:
Prepar'd, perchance, to leave thy native land?
Or fly'ſt thou now? — What hopes can *Troy* retain;
Thy matchleſs ſon, her guard and glory, ſlain?
The King, alarm'd. Say what, and whence thou art,
Who ſearch the ſorrows of a parent's heart,
And know ſo well how god-like *Hector* dy'd.
Thus *Priam* ſpoke, and *Hermes* thus reply'd.

You tempt me, father, and with pity touch:
On this ſad ſubject you enquire too much.
Oft' have theſe eyes that god-like *Hector* view'd
In glorious fight, with *Grecian* blood embru'd:
I ſaw him when, like *Jove*, his flames he toſt
On thouſand ſhips, and wither'd half a hoſt:
I ſaw, but help'd not: ſtern *Achilles'* ire
Forbade aſſiſtance, and enjoy'd the fire.
For him I ſerve, of *Myrmidonian* race;
One ſhip convey'd us from our native place;
Polyctor is my ſire, an honour'd name,
Old like thyſelf, and not unknown to fame;
Of ſev'n his ſons, by whom the lot was caſt
To ſerve our Prince; it fell on me, the laſt.
To watch this quarter, my adventure falls:
For with the morn the *Greeks* attack your walls;
Sleepleſs they ſit, impatient to engage,
And ſcarce their rulers check their martial rage.
If then thou art of ſtern *Pelides'* train,
(The mournful Monarch thus rejoin'd again)
Ah tell me truly, where, oh! where are laid
My ſon's dear relicks? what befalls him dead?

Have dogs diſmember'd (on the naked plains)
Or yet unmangled reſt, his cold remains?
O favour'd of the ſkies! (Thus anſwered then
The Pow'r that mediates between Gods and men)
Nor dogs nor vultures have thy *Hector* rent,
But whole he lies, neglected in the tent:
This the twelfth ev'ning ſince he reſted there,
Untouch'd by worms, untainted by the air.
Still as *Aurora*'s ruddy beam is ſpread,
Round his friend's tomb *Achilles* drags the dead:
Yet undisfigur'd, or in limb or face,
All freſh he lies, with ev'ry living grace,
Majeſtical in death! No ſtains are found
O'er all the corſe, and clos'd is ev'ry wound;
Tho' many a wound they gave. Some heav'nly care,
Some hand divine, preſerves him ever fair:
Or all the hoſt of heav'n, to whom he led
A life ſo grateful, ſtill regard him dead.
Thus ſpoke to *Priam* the celeſtial guide,
And joyful thus the royal Sire reply'd.

Bleſt is the man who pays the Gods above
The conſtant tribute of reſpect and love!
Thoſe who inhabit the *Olympian* bow'r
My ſon forgot not, in exalted pow'r;
And Heav'n, that ev'ry virtue bears in mind,
Ev'n to the aſhes of the juſt, is kind.
But thou, oh gen'rous youth! this goblet take,
A pledge of gratitude for *Hector*'s ſake;
And while the fav'ring Gods our ſteps ſurvey,
Safe to *Pelides*' tent conduct my way.
To whom the latent God. O King forbear
To tempt my youth, for apt is youth to err:

℣. 519. *Bleſt is the man*, &c.] *Homer* now begins, after a beautiful and long fable, to give the moral of it, and diſplay his poetical juſtice in rewards and puniſhments: thus *Hector* fought in a bad cauſe, and therefore ſuffers in the defence of it; but becauſe he was a good man, and obedient to the Gods in other reſpects, his very remains become the care of heaven.

I think it neceſſary to take notice to the reader, that nothing is more admirable than the conduct of *Homer* throughout his whole poem, in reſpect to morality. He juſtifies the character of *Horace*,

" — Quid pulchrum, quid turpe, quid utile, quid non
" Plenius & melius Chryſippo & Crantore dicit."

If the reader does not obſerve the morality of the *Ilias*, he loſes half, and the nobler part of its beauty: he reads it as a common romance, and miſtakes the chief aim of it, which is to inſtruct.

But can I, abſent from my Prince's ſight,
Take gifts in ſecret, that muſt ſhun the light?
What from our maſter's int'reſt thus we draw,
Is but a licens'd theft that 'ſcapes the law.
Reſpecting him, my ſoul abjures th' offence;
And as the crime, I dread the conſequence.
Thee, far as *Argos*, pleas'd I could convey;
Guard of thy life, and partner of thy way:
On thee attend, thy ſafety to maintain,
O'er pathleſs foreſts, or the roaring main.
He ſaid, then took the chariot at a bound,
And ſnatch'd the reins, and whirl'd the laſh around:
Before th' inſpiring God that urg'd them on,
The courſers fly, with ſpirit not their own.
And now they reach'd the naval walls, and found
The guards repaſting, while the bowls go round;

℣. 531. *But can I, abſent*, &c.] In the original of this place (which I have paraphraſed a little) the word Συλεύειν is remarkable. *Priam* offers *Mercury* (whom he looks upon as a ſoldier of *Achilles*) a preſent, which he refuſes becauſe his prince is ignorant of it: this preſent he calls a direct *theft* or *robbery*; which may ſhew us how ſtrict the notions of juſtice were in the days of *Homer*, when if a prince's ſervant received any preſent without the knowledge of his maſter, he was eſteemed a thief and a robber. *Euſtathius.*

On theſe the virtue of his wand he tries,
And pours deep ſlumber on their watchful eyes:
Then heav'd the maſſy gates, remov'd the bars,
And o'er the trenches led the rolling cars.
Unſeen, thro' all the hoſtile camp they went,
And now approach'd *Pelides'* lofty tent.
On Firs the roof was rais'd, and cover'd o'er
With reeds collected from the marſhy ſhore;

℣. 553. *On Firs the roof was rais'd.*] I have in the courſe of theſe obſervations deſcribed the method of encamping uſed by the *Grecians:* the reader has here a full and exact deſcription of the tent of *Achilles:* this royal pavilion was built with long paliſadoes made of Fir: the top of it covered with reeds, and the inſide was divided into ſeveral apartments: thus *Achilles* had his αὐλὴ μεγάλη, or large hall, and behind it were lodging rooms. So in the ninth book *Phœnix* has a bed prepared for him in one apartment, *Patroclus* has another for himſelf and his captive *Iphis*, and *Achilles* has a third for himſelf and his miſtreſs *Diomeda*.

But we muſt not imagine that the other *Myrmidons* had tents of the like dimenſions: they were, as *Euſtathius* obſerves, inferiour to this royal one of *Achilles:* which indeed is no better than an hovel, yet agrees very well with the duties of a ſoldier, and the ſimplicity of thoſe early times.

I am of opinion that ſuch fixed tents were not uſed by the *Grecians* in their common marches, but only during the time of ſieges, when their long ſtay in one place made it neceſſary to build ſuch tents as are here deſcribed; at other times they lay like *Diomed* in the tenth book, in the open air, their ſpears ſtanding upright, to be ready upon any alarm; and with the hides of beaſts ſpread on the ground, inſtead of a bed.

And, fenc'd with paliſades, a hall of ſtate,
(The work of ſoldiers) where the hero ſat.
Large was the door, whoſe well compacted ſtrength
A ſolid pine-tree barr'd, of wond'rous length;
Scarce three ſtrong *Greeks* could lift its mighty weight,
But great *Achilles* ſingly clos'd the gate.
This *Hermes* (ſuch the pow'r of Gods) ſet wide;
Then ſwift alighted the celeſtial guide,
And thus, reveal'd—Hear, Prince! and underſtand
Thou ow'ſt thy guidance to no mortal hand:
Hermes I am, deſcended from above,
The King of Arts, the meſſenger of *Jove*.
Farewell: to ſhun *Achilles* ſight I fly;
Uncommon are ſuch favours of the ſky,
Nor ſtand confeſt to frail mortality.

It is worthy obſervation, that *Homer* even upon ſo trivial an occaſion as the deſcribing the tent of *Achilles*, takes an opportunity to ſhew the ſuperiour ſtrength of his hero; and tells us that three men could ſcarce open the door of his pavilion, but *Achilles* could open it alone.

℣. 569. *Nor ſtand confeſt to frail mortality.*] *Euſtathius* thinks it was from this maxim, that the Princes of the Eaſt aſſumed that air of majeſty which ſeparates them from the ſight of their ſubjects; but I ſhould rather believe that *Homer* copied

Now fearleſs enter, and prefer thy pray'rs;
Adjure him by his father's ſilver hairs,
His ſon, his mother! urge him to beſtow
Whatever pity that ſtern heart can know.

Thus having ſaid, he vaniſh'd from his eyes,
And in a moment ſhot into the ſkies:
The King, confirm'd from heav'n, alighted there,
And left his aged herald on the car.

this after the originals, from ſome Kings of his time: it not being unlikely that this policy is very ancient. *Dacier.*

℣. 571. *Adjure him by his father*, &c.] *Euſtathius* obſerves that *Priam* does not entirely follow the inſtructions of *Mercury*, but only calls to his remembrance his aged father *Peleus:* and this was judiciouſly done by *Priam:* for what motive to compaſſion could ariſe from the mention of *Thetis*, who was a Goddeſs, and incapable of misfortune? Or how could *Neoptolemus* be any inducement to make *Achilles* pity *Priam*, when at the ſame time he flouriſhed in the greateſt proſperity? Therefore *Priam* only mentions his father *Peleus*, who, like him, ſtood upon the very brink of the grave, and was liable to the ſame misfortunes he ſuffered. Theſe are the remarks of *Euſtathius*; but how then ſhall we juſtify *Mercury*, who gave him ſuch improper inſtructions with relation to *Thetis?* All that can be ſaid in defence of the poet is, that *Thetis*, though a Goddeſs, has through the whole courſe of the *Ilias* been deſcribed as a partner in all the afflictions of *Achilles*, and conſequently might be made uſe of as an inducement to raiſe the paſſion of *Achilles*. *Priam* might have ſaid, I conjure thee by the love thou beareſt to thy mother, take pity on me! For if ſhe who is a Goddeſs would grieve for the loſs of her beloved ſon, how greatly muſt the loſs of *Hector* afflict the unfortunate *Hecuba* and *Priam?*

With ſolemn pace thro' various rooms he went,
And found *Achilles* in his inner tent:
There ſat the Hero; *Alcimus* the brave,
And great *Automedon*, attendance gave:
Theſe ſerv'd his perſon at the royal feaſt;
Around, at awful diſtance, ſtood the reſt.

Unſeen by theſe, the King his entry made;
And proſtrate now before *Achilles* laid,
Sudden, (a venerable ſight!) appears;
Embrac'd his knees, and bath'd his hands in tears;
Thoſe direful hands his kiſſes preſs'd, embru'd
Ev'n with the beſt, the deareſt of his blood!

As when a wretch, (who conſcious of his crime,
Purſu'd for murder, flies his native clime)

℣. 586. *Sudden, (a venerable ſight!) appears.*] I fancy this interview between *Priam* and *Achilles* would furniſh an admirable ſubject for a painter, in the ſurpriſe of *Achilles*, and the other ſpectators, the attitude of *Priam*, and the ſorrows in the countenance of this unfortunate king.

That circumſtance of *Priam*'s kiſſing the hands of *Achilles* is inimitably fine; he kiſſed, ſays *Homer*, the hands of *Achilles*; thoſe terrible, murderous hands that had robbed him of ſo many ſons: by theſe two words the poet recalls to our mind all the noble actions performed by *Achilles* in the whole *Ilias*; and at the ſame time ſtrikes us with the utmoſt compaſſion for this unhappy king, who is reduced ſo low, as to be obliged to kiſs thoſe hands that had ſlain his ſubjects, and ruined his kingdom and family.

Juſt gains ſome frontier, breathleſs, pale! amaz'd!
All gaze, all wonder: thus *Achilles* gaz'd:
Thus ſtood th' attendants ſtupid with ſurpriſe;
All mute, yet ſeem'd to queſtion with their eyes:
Each look'd on other, none the ſilence broke,
'Till thus at laſt the kingly ſuppliant ſpoke.

Ah think, thou favour'd of the pow'rs divine!
Think of thy father's age, and pity mine!

℣. 598. *The ſpeech of* Priam *to* Achilles.] The curioſity of the reader muſt needs be awakened to know how *Achilles* would behave to this unfortunate king; it requires all the art of the poet to ſuſtain the violent character of *Achilles*, and yet at the ſame time to ſoften him into compaſſion. To this end the poet uſes no preamble, but breaks directly into that circumſtance which is moſt likely to mollify him, and the two firſt words he utters are, μνῆσαι πατρὸς, *ſee thy father*; O Achilles, *in me!* Nothing could be more happily imagined than this entrance into his ſpeech; *Achilles* has every where been deſcribed as bearing a great affection to his father, and by two words the poet recalls all the tenderneſs, that love and duty can ſuggeſt to an affectionate ſon.

Priam tells *Achilles*, that *Hector* fell in the defence of his country: I am far from thinking that this was inſerted accidentally; it could not fail of having a very good effect upon *Achilles*, not only as one brave man naturally loves another, but as it implies that *Hector* had no particular enmity againſt *Achilles*, but that though he fought againſt him, it was in defence of his country.

The reader will obſerve that *Priam* repeats the beginning of his ſpeech, and recalls his father to his memory in the concluſion of it. This is done with great judgment; the poet takes care to enforce his petition with the ſtrongeſt motive, and

In me, that father's rev'rend image trace,
Thoſe ſilver hairs, that venerable face;
His trembling limbs, his helpleſs perſon, ſee!
In all my equal, but in miſery!
Yet now, perhaps, ſome turn of human Fate
Expels him helpleſs from his peaceful ſtate;
Think, from ſome pow'rful foe thou ſee'ſt him fly,
And beg protection with a feeble cry.
Yet ſtill one comfort in his ſoul may riſe;
He hears his ſon ſtill lives to glad his eyes;
And hearing, ſtill may hope a better day
May ſend him thee, to chaſe that foe away.
No comfort to my griefs, no hopes remain,
The beſt, the braveſt of my ſons are ſlain!
Yet what a race; e'er *Greece* to *Ilion* came,
The pledge of many a lov'd, and loving dame:
Nineteen one mother bore — Dead, all are dead!
How oft', alas! has wretched *Priam* bled?

leaves it freſh upon his memory; and poſſibly *Priam* might perceive that the mention of his father had made a deeper impreſſion upon *Achilles* than any other part of his petition, therefore while the mind of *Achilles* dwells upon it, he again ſets him before his imagination by this repetition, and ſoftens him into compaſſion.

Still one was left, their loſs to recompenſe;
His father's hope, his country's laſt defence.
Him too thy rage has ſlain! beneath thy ſteel
Unhappy in his country's cauſe he fell!

For him, thro' hoſtile camps I bent my way,
For him thus proſtrate at thy feet I lay;
Large gifts proportion'd to thy wrath I bear;
Oh hear the wretched, and the Gods revere!

Think of thy father, and this face behold!
See him in me, as helpleſs and as old!
Tho' not ſo wretched: there he yields to me,
The firſt of men in ſov'reign miſery!
Thus forc'd to kneel, thus grov'ling to embrace
The ſcourge and ruin of my realm and race:
Suppliant my children's murd'rer to implore,
And kiſs thoſe hands yet reeking with their gore!

Theſe words ſoft pity in the chief inſpire,
Touch'd with the dear remembrance of his ſire.

ỳ. 634. *Theſe words ſoft pity*, &c.] We are now come almoſt to the end of the poem, and conſequently to the end of the anger of *Achilles*: and *Homer* has deſcribed the abatement of it with excellent judgment. We may here obſerve how neceſſary the conduct of *Homer* was, in ſending *Thetis* to prepare her ſon to uſe *Priam* with civility: it would have been

Then with his hand (as proſtrate ſtill he lay)
The old man's cheek he gently turn'd away.
Now each by turns indulg'd the guſh of woe;
And now the mingled tides together flow:
This low on earth, that gently bending o'er,
A father one, and one a ſon deplore:
But great *Achilles* diff'rent paſſions rend,
And now his Sire he mourns, and now his friend.
Th' infectious ſoftneſs thro' the heroes ran;
One univerſal ſolemn ſhow'r began;
They bore as heroes, but they felt as man.
Satiate at length with unavailing woes,
From the high throne divine *Achilles* roſe;
The rev'rend monarch by the hand he rais'd;
On his white beard and form majeſtick gaz'd,
Not unrelenting: then ſerene began
With words to ſoothe the miſerable man.

ill ſuited with the violent temper of *Achilles* to have uſed *Priam* with tenderneſs without ſuch pre-admonition; nay, the unexpected ſight of his enemy might probably have carried him into violence and rage: but *Homer* has avoided theſe abſurdities; for *Achilles* being already prepared for a reconciliation, the miſery of this venerable prince naturally melts him into compaſſion.

Alas! what weight of anguiſh haſt thou known?
Unhappy Prince! thus guardleſs and alone
To paſs thro' foes, and thus undaunted face
The man whoſe fury has deſtroy'd thy race?
Heav'n ſure has arm'd thee with a heart of ſteel,
A ſtrength proportion'd to the woes you feel.
Riſe then: let reaſon mitigate our care:
To mourn, avails not: man is born to bear.
Such is, alas! the Gods ſevere decree:
They, only they are bleſt, and only free.

ỳ. 653. Achilles's *ſpeech to* Priam.] There is not a more beautiful paſſage in the whole *Ilias* than this before us: *Homer* to ſhew that *Achilles* was not a mere ſoldier, here draws him as a perſon of excellent ſenſe and ſound reaſon: *Plato* himſelf (who condemns this paſſage) could not ſpeak more like a true philoſopher: and it was a piece of great judgment thus to deſcribe him; for the reader would have retained but a very indifferent opinion of the hero of a poem, that had no qualification but mere ſtrength: it alſo ſhews the art of the poet thus to defer this part of his character to the very concluſion of the poem: by theſe means he fixes an idea of his greatneſs upon our minds, and makes his hero go off the ſtage with applauſe.

Neither does he here aſcribe more wiſdom to *Achilles* than he might really be maſter of; for as *Euſtathius* obſerves, he had *Chiron* and *Phœnix* for his tutors, and a Goddeſs for his mother.

Two Urns by *Jove*'s high throne have ever ſtood,
The ſource of Evil one, and one of Good;
From thence the cup of mortal man he fills,
Bleſſings to theſe, to thoſe diſtributes ills;
To moſt, he mingles both: the wretch decreed
To taſte the bad, unmix'd, is curſt indeed;
Purſu'd by wrongs, by meager famine driv'n,
He wanders, outcaſt both of earth and heav'n.

ỳ. 663. *Two Urns by* Jove's *high throne*, &c.] This is an admirable allegory, and very beautifully imagined by the poet. *Plato* has accuſed it as an impiety to ſay that God gives evil: but it ſeems borrowed from the eaſtern way of ſpeaking, and bears a great reſemblance to ſeveral expreſſions in ſcripture: thus in the *Pſalms*, *in the hand of the Lord there is a cup, and he poureth out of the ſame; as for the dregs thereof, all the ungodly of the earth ſhall drink them.*

It was the cuſtom of the *Jews* to give condemned perſons, juſt before execution, οἶνον ἐσμυρνισμένον, wine mixed with myrrh to make him leſs ſenſible of pain: thus *Proverbs* xxi. 6. *Give ſtrong drink to him that is ready to periſh.* This cuſtom was ſo frequent among the *Jews*, that the cup which was given him before execution, came to denote death itſelf, as in that paſſage, *Father let this cup paſs from me.*

Some have ſuppoſed that there were three urns, one of good, and two of evil; thus *Pinder*,

Ἓν γὰρ ἐσθλὸν, πήματα Ζύνδυο
Δαίονται βροτοῖς ἀθάνατοι.

But, as *Euſtathius* obſerves, the word ἕτερος ſhews that there were but two, for that word is never uſed when more than two are intended.

The happieſt, taſte not happineſs ſincere;
But find the cordial draught is daſh'd with care.
Who more than *Peleus* ſhone in wealth and pow'r:
What ſtars concurring bleſt his natal hour:
A realm, a Goddeſs, to his wiſhes giv'n;
Grac'd by the Gods with all the gifts of heav'n?
One evil, yet, o'ertakes his lateſt day:
No race ſucceeding to imperial ſway;
An only ſon; and he (alas!) ordain'd
To fall untimely in a foreign land.
See him, in *Troy*, the pious care decline
Of his weak age, to live the curſe of thine!
Thou too, old man, haſt happier days beheld;
In riches once, in children once excell'd;
Extended *Phrygia* own'd thy ample reign,
And all fair *Leſbos'* bliſsful ſeats contain,
And all wide *Helleſpont*'s unmeaſur'd main.

ỳ. 685. *Extended* Phrygia, *&c.*] *Homer* here gives us a piece of geography, and ſhews us the full extent of *Priam*'s kingdom. *Leſbos* bounded it on the ſouth, *Phrygia* on the eaſt, and the *Helleſpont* on the north. This kingdom, according to *Strabo* in the thirteenth book, was divided into nine dynaſties, who all depended upon *Priam* as their king: ſo that what *Homer* here relates of *Priam*'s power is literally true, and confirmed by hiſtory. *Euſtathius.*

But ſince the God his hand has pleas'd to turn,
And fill thy meaſure from his bitter urn,
What ſees the ſun, but hapleſs heroes falls?
War, and the blood of men, ſurround thy walls!
What muſt be, muſt be. Bear thy lot, nor ſhed
Theſe unavailing ſorrows o'er the dead;
Thou canſt not call him from the *Stygian* ſhore,
But thou, alas! may'ſt live to ſuffer more!

To whom the King. Oh favour'd of the ſkies!
Here let me grow to earth! ſince *Hector* lies
On the bare beach depriv'd of obſequies.
Oh give me *Hector!* to my eyes reſtore
His corſe, and take the gifts: I aſk no more.
Thou, as thou may'ſt, theſe boundleſs ſtores enjoy;
Safe may'ſt thou ſail, and turn thy wrath from *Troy*;
So ſhall thy pity and forbearance give
A weak old man to ſee the light and live!

Move me no more (*Achilles* thus replies,
While kindling anger ſparkled in his eyes)

℣. 706. *While kindling anger ſparkled in his eyes.*] I believe every reader muſt be ſurpriſed, as I confeſs I was, to ſee *Achilles* fly out into ſo ſudden a paſſion, without any apparent reaſon for it. It can ſcarce be imagined that the name of

Nor ſeek by tears my ſteady ſoul to bend;
To yield thy *Hector* I myſelf intend:

Hector (as *Euſtathius* thinks) could throw him into ſo much violence, when he had heard it mentioned with patience by *Priam* in this very conference: eſpecially if we remember that *Achilles* had actually determined to reſtore the body of *Hector* to *Priam*. I was therefore very well pleaſed to find that the words in the original would bear another interpretation, and ſuch a one as naturally ſolves the difficulty. The meaning of the paſſage I fancy may be this: *Priam* perceiving that his addreſs had mollified the heart of *Achilles*, takes this opportunity to perſuade him to give over the war, and return home; eſpecially ſince his anger was ſufficiently ſatisfied by the fall of *Hector*. Immediately *Achilles* takes fire at this propoſal, and anſwers, "Is it not enough that I have determined to "reſtore thy ſon? Aſk no more, leſt I retract that reſolution." In this view we ſee a natural reaſon for the ſudden paſſion of *Achilles*.

What may perhaps ſtrengthen this conjecture is the word πρῶτον; and then the ſenſe will run thus; ſince I have found ſo much favour in thy ſight, as firſt to permit me to live, O would'ſt thou ſtill enlarge my happineſs, and return home to thy own country! *&c.*

This opinion may be farther eſtabliſhed from what follows in the latter end of this interview, where *Achilles* aſks *Priam* how many days he would requeſt for the interment of *Hector*? *Achilles* had refuſed to give over the war, but yet conſents to intermit it a few days; and then the ſenſe will be this: "I "will not conſent to return home, but aſk a time for a ceſ- "ſation, and it ſhall be granted." And what moſt ſtrongly ſpeaks for this interpretation is the anſwer of *Priam*; I aſk, ſays he, eleven days to bury my ſon, and then let the war commence again, ſince *it muſt be ſo*, εἴπερ ἀνάγκη; ſince you neceſſitate me to it; or ſince you will not be perſuaded to leave theſe ſhores.

℣. 706. *While kindling anger ſparkled in his eyes.*] The reader may be pleaſed to obſerve that this is the laſt ſally of the

For know, from *Jove* my Goddeſs-mother came,
(Old Ocean's daughter, ſilver-footed dame)
Nor com'ſt thou but by heav'n; nor com'ſt alone,
Some God impels with courage not thy own:
No human hand the weighty gates unbarr'd,
Nor could the boldeſt of our youth have dar'd
To paſs our out-works, or elude the guard.
Ceaſe; leſt neglectful of high *Jove*'s command
I ſhow thee, King! thou tread'ſt on hoſtile land;
Releaſe my knees, thy ſuppliant arts give o'er,
And ſhake the purpoſe of my ſoul no more.

reſentment of *Achilles*; and the poet judiciouſly deſcribes him moderating it by his own reflection: ſo that his reaſon now prevails over his anger, and the deſign of the poem is fully executed.

℣. 709, 710. *For know, from* Jove *my Goddeſs-mother came.*] The injuſtice of *La Motte*'s criticiſm, (who blames *Homer* for repreſenting *Achilles* ſo mercenary, as to enquire into the price offered for *Hector*'s body before he would reſtore it) will appear plainly from this paſſage, where he makes *Achilles* expreſly ſay, it is not for any other reaſon that he delivers the body, but that heaven had directly commanded it. The words are very full.

— — — Διόθεν δέ μοι ἄγγελος ἦλθε
Μήτηρ ἣ μ' ἔτεκεν, θυγάτηρ ἁλίοιο γέροντος,
Καὶ δέ σε γινώσκω Πριάμε φρεσὶν, οὐδέ με λήθεις,
Ὅτι θεῶν τις ἦγε θοὰς ἐπὶ νῆας Ἀχαιῶν.

The Sire obey'd him, trembling and o'er-aw'd.
Achilles, like a lion, ruſh'd abroad;
Automedon and *Alcimus* attend,
(Whom moſt he honour'd, ſince he loſt his friend;)
Theſe to unyoke the mules and horſes went,
And led the hoary herald to the tent;
Next heap'd on high the num'rous preſents bear
(Great *Hector*'s ranſom) from the poliſh'd car.
Two ſplendid mantles, and a carpet ſpread,
They leave; to cover, and inwrap the dead.
Then call the handmaids, with aſſiſtant toil
To waſh the body and anoint with oil,
Apart from *Priam*; leſt th' unhappy Sire
Provok'd to paſſion, once more rouſe to Ire
The ſtern *Pelides*; and nor ſacred age,
Nor *Jove*'s command, ſhould check the riſing rage.
This done, the garments o'er the corſe they ſpread;
Achilles lifts it to the fun'ral bed:
Then, while the body on the car they laid,
He groans, and calls on lov'd *Patroclus*' ſhade.

If, in that gloom which never light muſt know,
The deeds of mortals touch the ghoſts below:

O friend! forgive me, that I thus fulfill
(Reſtoring *Hector*) heav'n's unqueſtion'd will.
The gifts the father gave, be ever thine,
To grace thy *manes*, and adorn thy ſhrine.
He ſaid, and ent'ring, took his ſeat of ſtate,
Where full before him rev'rend *Priam* ſat:
To whom, compos'd, the God-like chief begun.
Lo! to thy Pray'r reſtor'd, thy breathleſs ſon;
Extended on the fun'ral couch he lies;
And ſoon as morning paints the eaſtern ſkies,
The ſight is granted to thy longing eyes.
But now the peaceful hours of ſacred night
Demand refection, and to reſt invite:
Nor thou, O father! thus conſum'd with woe,
The common cares that nouriſh life, forego.
Not thus did *Niobe*, of form divine,
A parent once, whoſe ſorrows equall'd thine:

℣. 757. *Not thus did* Niobe, &c.] *Achilles*, to comfort *Priam*, tells him a known hiſtory; which was very proper to work this effect. *Niobe* had loſt all her children, *Priam* had ſome remaining. *Niobe*'s had been nine days extended on the earth, drowned in their blood, in the ſight of their people, without any one preſenting himſelf to inter them: *Hector* has likewiſe been twelve days, but in the midſt of his enemies; therefore it is no wonder that no one has paid him the laſt

Six youthful ſons, as many blooming maids,
In one ſad day beheld the *Stygian* ſhades;
Thoſe by *Apollo*'s ſilver bow were ſlain,
Theſe, *Cynthia*'s arrows ſtretch'd upon the plain:
So was her pride chaſtis'd by wrath divine,
Who match'd her own with bright *Latona*'s line;
But two the Goddeſs, twelve the Queen enjoy'd;
Thoſe boaſted twelve th' avenging two deſtroy'd.
Steep'd in their blood, and in the duſt outſpread,
Nine days, neglected, lay expos'd the dead;
None by to weep them, to inhume them none;
(For *Jove* had turn'd the nation all to ſtone:)
The Gods themſelves at length relenting, gave
Th' unhappy race the honours of a grave.
Herſelf a rock, (for ſuch was heav'n's high will)
Thro' deſerts wild now pours a weeping rill;
Where round the bed whence *Acheloüs* ſprings,
The wat'ry Fairies dance in mazy rings,

duties. The Gods at laſt interred *Niobe*'s children, and the Gods likewiſe are concerned to procure honourable funerals for *Hector*. *Euſtathius*.

There high on *Sipylus*'s ſhaggy brow,
She ſtands her own ſad monument of woe;
The rock for ever laſts, the tears for ever flow.
Such griefs, O King! have other parents known;
Remember theirs, and mitigate thy own.
The care of heav'n thy *Hector* has appear'd,
Nor ſhall he lie unwept, and uninterr'd;
Soon may thy aged cheeks in tears be drown'd,
And all the eyes of *Ilion* ſtream around.
He ſaid, and riſing, choſe the victim Ewe
With ſilver fleece, which his attendants ſlew.
The limbs they ſever from the reeking hide,
With ſkill prepare them, and in parts divide:
Each on the coals the ſep'rate morſels lays,
And haſty, ſnatches from the riſing blaze.
With bread the glitt'ring caniſters they load,
Which round the board *Automedon* beſtow'd:
The chief himſelf to each his portion plac'd,
And each indulging ſhar'd in ſweet repaſt.
When now the rage of hunger was repreſt,
The wond'ring hero eyes his royal gueſt:

No leſs the royal gueſt the hero eyes,
His god-like aſpect and majeſtick ſize;
Here, youthful grace and noble fire engage;
And there, the mild benevolence of age.
Thus gazing long, the ſilence neither broke,
(A ſolemn ſcene!) at length the father ſpoke.

Permit me now, belov'd of *Jove!* to ſteep
My careful temples in the dew of ſleep:
For, ſince the day that number'd with the dead
My hapleſs ſon, the duſt has been my bed;
Soft ſleep, a ſtranger to my weeping eyes;
My only food, my ſorrows and my ſighs!

ỳ. 798, *The royal gueſt the hero eyes*, &c.] The poet omits no opportunity of praiſing his hero *Achilles*, and it is obſervable that he now commends him for his more amiable qualities: he ſoftens the terrible idea we have conceived of him, as a warriour, with ſeveral virtues of humanity; and the angry, vindictive ſoldier is become calm and compaſſionate. In this place he makes his very enemy admire his perſonage, and be aſtoniſhed at his manly beauty. So that though courage be his moſt diſtinguiſhing character, yet *Achilles* is admirable both for the endowments of mind and body.

Ἐπικερτομέων. The ſenſe of this word differs in this place from that it uſually bears; it does not imply τραχύτητα ὑβριστικὴν, any reproachful aſperity of language, but ἐισήγησιν ψευδοῦς φόβου, the raiſing of a falſe fear in the old man, that he might not be concerned at his being lodged in the outermoſt part of the tent; and by this method he gives *Priam* an opportunity of going away in the morning without obſervation. *Euſtathius.*

'Till now, encourag'd by the grace you give,
I ſhare thy banquet, and conſent to live.

With that, *Achilles* bade prepare the bed,
With purple ſoft, and ſhaggy carpets ſpread;
Forth, by the flaming lights, they bend their way,
And place the couches, and the cov'rings lay.
Then he: Now father ſleep, but ſleep not here.
Conſult thy ſafety, and forgive my fear,
Leſt any *Argive* (at this hour awake,
To aſk our counſel, or our orders take)
Approaching ſudden to our open'd tent,
Perchance behold thee, and our grace prevent.
Should ſuch report thy honour'd perſon here,
The King of men the ranſom might defer;
But ſay with ſpeed, if ought of thy deſire
Remains unaſk'd; what time the rites require

℣. 819. *To aſk our counſel, or our orders take.*] The poet here ſhews the importance of *Achilles* in the army; though *Agamemnon* be the general, yet all the chief commanders apply to him for advice: and thus he promiſes *Priam* a ceſſation of arms for ſeveral days, purely by his own authority. The method that *Achilles* took to confirm the truth of the ceſſation, agrees with the cuſtom which we uſe at this day, he gave him his hand upon it.

— — — χεῖρα γέροντος
Ἕλλαβε δεξιτερὴν. : *Euſtathius.*

T' inter thy *Hector?* For, ſo long we ſtay
Our ſlaught'ring arm, and bid the hoſts obey.
If then thy will permit (the Monarch ſaid)
To finiſh all due honours to the dead,
This, of thy grace accord: to thee are known
The fears of *Ilion*, clos'd within her town;
And at what diſtance from our walls aſpire
The hills of *Ide*, and foreſts for the fire.
Nine days to vent our ſorrows I requeſt,
The tenth ſhall ſee the fun'ral and the feaſt;
The next, to raiſe his monument be giv'n;
The twelfth we war, if war be doom'd by heav'n!
This thy requeſt (reply'd the chief) enjoy:
'Till then, our arms ſuſpend the fall of *Troy*.
Then gave his hand at parting, to prevent
The old Man's fears, and turn'd within the tent;
Where fair *Briſeïs*, bright in blooming charms,
Expects her Hero with deſiring arms.
But in the porch, the King and Herald reſt;
Sad dreams of care yet wand'ring in their breaſt.
Now Gods and men the gifts of ſleep partake;
Induſtrious *Hermes* only was awake,

The King's return revolving in his mind,
To paſs the ramparts, and the watch to blind.
The pow'r deſcending hover'd o'er his head:
And ſleep'ſt thou, father! (thus the viſion ſaid)
Now doſt thou ſleep, when *Hector* is reſtor'd?
Nor fear the *Grecian* foes, or *Grecian* Lord?
Thy preſence here ſhou'd ſtern *Atrides* ſee,
Thy ſtill-ſurviving ſons may ſue for thee,
May offer all thy treaſures yet contain,
To ſpare thy age; and offer all in vain.

Wak'd with the word, the trembling ſire aroſe,
And rais'd his friend: the God before him goes;
He joins the mules, directs them with his hand,
And moves in ſilence thro' the hoſtile land.
When now to *Xanthus*' yellow ſtream they drove,
(*Xanthus*, immortal progeny of *Jove*)
The winged deity forſook their view,
And in a moment to *Olympus* flew.
Now ſhed *Aurora* round her ſaffron ray,
Sprung thro' the gates of light, and gave the day:
Charg'd with their mournful load, to *Ilion* go
The Sage and King, majeſtically ſlow.

Caſſandra firſt beholds, from *Ilion*'s ſpire,
The ſad proceſſion of her hoary ſire;
Then, as the penſive pomp advanc'd more near,
(Her breathleſs brother ſtretch'd upon the bier)
A ſhow'r of tears o'erflows her beauteous eyes,
Alarming thus all *Ilion* with her cries.

Turn here your ſteps, and here your eyes employ,
Ye wretched daughters, and ye ſons of *Troy!*
If e'er ye ruſh'd in crouds, with vaſt delight
To hail your hero glorious from the fight;
Now meet him dead, and let your ſorrows flow!
Your common triumph, and your common woe.

In thronging crouds they iſſue to the plains;
Nor man, nor woman, in the walls remains;
In ev'ry face the ſelf-ſame grief is ſhown;
And *Troy* ſends forth one univerſal groan.
At *Scæa*'s gates they meet the mourning wain,
Hang on the wheels, and grovel round the ſlain.
The wife and mother, frantick with deſpair,
Kiſs his pale cheek, and rend their ſcatter'd hair:
Thus wildly wailing, at the gates they lay;
And there had ſigh'd and ſorrow'd out the day;

But god-like *Priam* from the chariot roſe;
Forbear (he cry'd) this violence of woes,
Firſt to the palace let the car proceed,
Then pour your boundleſs ſorrows o'er the dead.
The waves of people at his word divide,
Slow rolls the chariot thro' the following tide;
Ev'n to the palace the ſad pomp they wait:
They weep, and place him on the bed of ſtate.
A melancholy choir attend around,
With plaintive ſighs, and muſick's ſolemn ſound:
Alternately they ſing, alternate flow
Th' obedient tears, melodious in their woe.
While deeper ſorrows groan from each full heart,
And Nature ſpeaks at ev'ry pauſe of Art.
Firſt to the corſe the weeping conſort flew;
Around his neck her milk-white arms ſhe threw,

ỳ. 900. *A melancholy choir*, &c.] This was a cuſtom generally received, and which paſſed from the *Hebrews*, to the *Greeks*, *Romans*, and *Aſiaticks*. There were weepers by profeſſion, of both ſexes, who ſung doleful tunes round the dead. *Eccleſiaſticus*, chap. xii. ỳ. 5. *When a man ſhall go into the houſe of his eternity, there ſhall encompaſs him Weepers.* It appears from St. *Matthew* xi. 17. that children were likewiſe employed in this office. *Dacier.*

ỳ. 906, *&c. The lamentations over* Hector.] The poet judiciouſly makes *Priam* to be ſilent in this general lamentation;

And oh my *Hector!* Oh my Lord! ſhe cries,
Snatch'd in thy bloom from theſe deſiring eyes!
Thou to the diſmal realms for ever gone!
And I abandon'd, deſolate, alone!
An only ſon, once comfort of our pains,
Sad product now of hapleſs love remains!
Never to manly age that ſon ſhall riſe,
Or with encreaſing graces glad my eyes:
For *Ilion* now (her great defender ſlain)
Shall ſink a ſmoking ruin on the plain.

he has already borne a ſufficient ſhare in theſe ſorrows, in the tent of *Achilles*, and ſaid what grief can dictate to a father and a king upon ſuch a melancholy ſubject. But he introduces three women as chief mourners, and ſpeaks only in general of the lamentation of the men of *Troy*, an exceſs of ſorrow being unmanly: whereas theſe women might with decency indulge themſelves in all the lamentation that fondneſs and grief could ſuggeſt. The wife, the mother of *Hector*, and *Helen*, are the three perſons introduced; and though they all mourn upon the ſame occaſion, yet their lamentations are ſo different, that not a ſentence that is ſpoken by the one, could be made uſe of by the other: *Andromache* ſpeaks like a tender wife, *Hecuba* like a fond mother, and *Helen* mourns with ſorrow riſing from ſelf-accuſation: *Andromache* commends his bravery, *Hecuba* his manly beauty, and *Helen* his gentleneſs and humanity.

Homer is very conciſe in deſcribing the funeral of *Hector*, which was but a neceſſary piece of conduct, after he had been ſo full in that of *Patroclus*.

Who now protects her wives with guardian care?
Who ſaves her infants from the rage of war?
Now hoſtile fleets muſt waft thoſe infants o'er,
(Thoſe wives muſt wait 'em) to a foreign ſhore!
Thou too my ſon! to barb'rous climes ſhalt go,
The ſad companion of thy mother's woe;
Driv'n hence a ſlave before the victor's ſword;
Condemn'd to toil for ſome inhuman Lord:
Or elſe ſome *Greek* whoſe father preſt the plain,
Or ſon, or brother, by great *Hector* ſlain;
In *Hector's* blood his vengeance ſhall enjoy,
And hurl thee headlong from the tow'rs of *Troy*.
For thy ſtern father never ſpar'd a foe:
Thence all theſe tears, and all this ſcene of woe!
Thence, many evils his ſad parents bore,
His parents many, but his conſort more.
Why gav'ſt thou not to me thy dying hand?
And why receiv'd not I thy laſt command?

ỳ. 934. *Why gav'ſt thou not to me thy dying hand?*
And why receiv'd not I thy laſt command?]

I have taken theſe two lines from Mr. *Congreve*, whoſe tranſlation of this part was one of his firſt eſſays in poetry. He has very juſtly rendered the ſenſe of Πυκινὸν ἔπος, *dictum prur*

Some word thou would'ſt have ſpoke, which ſadly dear,
My ſoul might keep, or utter with a tear;
Which never, never could be loſt in air,
Fix'd in my heart, and oft' repeated there!
Thus to her weeping maids ſhe makes her moan;
Her weeping handmaids echo groan for groan.
The mournful Mother next ſuſtains her part.
Oh thou, the beſt, the deareſt to my heart!
Of all my race thou moſt by heav'n approv'd,
And by th' immortals ev'n in death belov'd!
While all my other ſons in barb'rous bands
Achilles bound, and ſold to foreign lands,
This felt no chains, but went a glorious ghoſt,
Free and a Hero, to the *Stygian* coaſt.
Sentenc'd, 'tis true, by his inhuman doom,
Thy noble corſe was dragg'd around the tomb,
(The tomb of him thy warlike arm had ſlain)
Ungen'rous inſult, impotent and vain!

dens, which is meant of the words of a dying man, or one in ſome dangerous exigence; at which times what is ſpoken is uſually ſomething of the utmoſt importance, and delivered with the utmoſt care: which is the true ſignification of the epithet Πυκινὸν in this place.

Yet glow'ſt thou freſh with ev'ry living grace;
No mark of pain, or violence of face;
Roſy and fair! as *Phœbus'* ſilver bow
Diſmiſs'd thee gently to the ſhades below.
Thus ſpoke the dame, and melted into tears.
Sad *Helen* next in pomp of grief appears:
Faſt from the ſhining ſluices of her eyes
Fall the round cryſtal drops, while thus ſhe cries.
Ah deareſt friend! in whom the Gods had join'd
The mildeſt manners with the braveſt mind;
Now twice ten years (unhappy years) are o'er
Since *Paris* brought me to the *Trojan* ſhore;
(Oh had I periſh'd, e'er that form divine
Seduc'd this ſoft, this eaſy heart of mine!)
Yet was it ne'er my fate, from thee to find
A deed ungentle, or a word unkind:
When others curſt the auth'reſs of their woe,
Thy pity check'd my ſorrows in their flow:
If ſome proud brother ey'd me with diſdain,
Or ſcornful ſiſter with her ſweeping train;
Thy gentle accents ſoften'd all my pain.

For thee I mourn; and mourn myſelf in thee,
The wretched ſource of all this miſery!
The fate I cauſ'd, for ever I bemoan;
Sad *Helen* has no friend, now thou art gone!
Thro' *Troy*'s wide ſtreets abandon'd ſhall I roam!
In *Troy* deſerted, as abhorr'd at home!

So ſpoke the fair, with ſorrow-ſtreaming eye:
Diſtreſsful beauty melts each ſtander-by;
On all around the infectious ſorrow grows;
But *Priam* check'd the torrent as it roſe.
Perform, ye *Trojans!* what the rites require,
And fell the foreſts for a ſun'ral pyre;
Twelve days, nor foes, nor ſecret ambuſh dread;
Achilles grants theſe honours to the dead.

He ſpoke; and at his word, the *Trojan* train
Their mules and oxen harneſs to the wain,
Pour thro' the gates, and fell'd from *Ida*'s crown,
Roll back the gather'd foreſts to the town.
Theſe toils continue nine ſucceeding days;
And high in air a ſilvan ſtructure raiſe.
But when the tenth fair morn began to ſhine,
Forth to the pile was borne the Man divine;

And plac'd aloft: while all, with ſtreaming eyes,
Beheld the flames and rolling ſmokes ariſe.
Soon as *Aurora*, daughter of the dawn,
With roſy luſtre ſtreak'd the dewy lawn;
Again the mournful crouds ſurround the pyre,
And quench with wine the yet-remaining fire.
The ſnowy bones his friends and brothers place
(With tears collected) in a golden vaſe;
The golden vaſe in purple palls they roll'd,
Of ſofteſt texture, and inwrought with gold.
Laſt o'er the urn the ſacred earth they ſpread,
And rais'd the tomb, memorial of the dead.
(Strong guards and ſpies, 'till all the rites were done,
Watch'd from the riſing to the ſetting ſun)
All *Troy* then moves to *Priam*'s court again,
A ſolemn, ſilent, melancholy train:
Aſſembled there, from pious toil they reſt,
And ſadly ſhar'd the laſt ſepulchral feaſt.
Such honours *Ilion* to her Hero paid,
And peaceful ſlept the mighty *Hector*'s ſhade.

The End of the ILIAD.

WE have now paſt through the *Iliad*, and ſeen the anger of *Achilles*, and the terrible effects of it, at an end: as that only was the ſubject of the poem, and the nature of Epick poetry would not permit our Author to proceed to the event of the war, it may perhaps be acceptable to the common reader to give a ſhort account of what happened to *Troy* and the chief actors in this poem, after the concluſion of it.

I need not mention that *Troy* was taken ſoon after the death of *Hector*, by the ſtratagem of the wooden horſe, the particulars of which are deſcribed by *Virgil* in the ſecond book of the *Æneis*.

Achilles fell before *Troy*, by the hand of *Paris*, by the ſhot of an arrow in his heel, as *Hector* had propheſied at his death, *lib.* xxii.

The unfortunate *Priam* was killed by *Pyrrhus* the ſon of *Achilles*.

Ajax, after the death of *Achilles*, had a conteſt with *Ulyſſes* for the armour of *Vulcan*, but being defeated in his aim, he ſlew himſelf through indignation.

Helen, after the death of *Paris*, married *Deïphobus* his brother, and at the taking of *Troy* betrayed him, in order to reconcile herſelf to *Menelaus* her firſt huſband, who received her again into favour.

Agamemnon at his return was barbarouſly murdered by *Ægyſthus* at the inſtigation of *Clytem-*

neſtra his wife, who in his abſence had diſhonoured his bed with *Ægyſthus*.

Diomed after the fall of *Troy* was expelled his own country, and ſcarce eſcaped with life from his adulterous wife *Ægiale*; but at laſt was received by *Daunus* in *Apulia*, and ſhared his kingdom: it is uncertain how he died.

Neſtor lived in peace, with his children, in *Pylos* his native country.

Ulyſſes alſo after innumerable troubles by ſea and land, at laſt returned in ſafety to *Ithaca*, which is the ſubject of *Homer*'s *Odyſſeys*.

I muſt end theſe notes by diſcharging my duty to two of my Friends, which is the more an indiſpenſable piece of juſtice, as the one of them is ſince dead: the merit of their kindneſs to me will appear infinitely the greater, as the taſk they undertook was in its own nature, of much more labour, than either pleaſure or reputation. The larger part of the extracts from *Euſtathius*, together with ſeveral excellent obſervations were ſent me by Mr. *Broome*: and the whole Eſſay upon *Homer* was written, upon ſuch memoirs as I had collected, by the late Dr. *Parnell*, Archdeacon of *Clogher* in *Ireland*: how very much that gentleman's friendſhip prevailed over his genius, in detaining a writer of his ſpirit in the drudgery of removing the rubbiſh of paſt pedants, will ſoon appear to the world, when they ſhall ſee thoſe

beautiful pieces of poetry, the publication of which he left to my charge, almoſt with his dying breath.

For what remains, I beg to be excuſed from the ceremonies of taking leave at the end of my work; and from embarraſſing myſelf, or others, with any defences or apologies about it. But inſtead of endeavouring to raiſe a vain monument to myſelf, of the merits or difficulties of it (which muſt be left to the world, to truth and to poſterity) let me leave behind me a memorial of my friendſhip, with one of the moſt valuable men, as well as fineſt writers, of my age and country: one who has tried, and knows by his own experience, how hard an undertaking it is to do juſtice to *Homer*: and one, who (I am ſure) ſincerely rejoices with me at the period of my labours. To him therefore, having brought this long work to a concluſion, I deſire to *dedicate* it; and to have the honour and ſatisfaction of placing together, in this manner, the names of Mr. CONGREVE, and of

March, 25, 1720.

A. POPE.

Τῶν Θεῶν δὲ εἰπειῖα — τὸ μὴ ἐπὶ πλέον με προκόψαι ἐν Ποιητικῇ καὶ ἄλλοις ἐπιδεδώκασι, ἐν οἷς ἴσως ἂν καλεσχέθην, εἰ ἠσθόμην ἐμαυτὸν εὐθέως προϊόντα. M. AUREL. ANTON. *de ſeipſo*. l. i. §. 14.

A N

I N D E X

O F

PERSONS and THINGS.

A.

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ACHILLES prays his mother to revenge his injuries on the *Greeks*	i	460
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—— anſwers *Phœnix*	ix	713
—— anſwers *Ajax*	ix	757
—— his double fate	ix	532
—— ſeeing *Machaon* wounded ſends *Patroclus* to him	xi	730
—— enquires of *Patroclus* the cauſe of his grief	xvi	9
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	book	ver.
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——— and animates them	xvi	239
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——— his horſes lament the death of *Patroclus*	xvii	486
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——— he is armed	xix	398
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——— he and *Agamemnon* reconciled	xix	57
——— his anſwer to *Agamemnon*	xix	143
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